THE
SHROVE-TIDE CHILD:
OR,
THE SON OF A MONK.

VOL. II.

THE

SHROVE-TIDE CHILD;

OR,

THE SON OF A MONK.

. . . .

A NOVEL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

. . . .

VOL. II.

VALEAT RES LUDICRA.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY BAYLIS, GREVILLE-STREET;

And Sold by LEE and HURST, Paternoster-row; MILLER, Old Bond-street; BELL, Oxford-street.

1797.

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THE SHROVE-TIDE CHILD;

OR,

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CHAP. I.

I COMMENCE AUTHOR, AND FAIL.

ABELL never deviated from his professions; he behaved with great respect to Juliet and affection to me, and rendered us all kind of service with unparallelled candour and disinterestedness. He received information that the lettre de cachet which threatened Juliet was not repealed, and would have solicited a revocation himself, had not the war, which

divided the two nations, weaned the English of their former interest with the ministers. However, she had no researches to apprehend: and, as for me, I was perfectly safe. In the report that was given to the police, I had been comprehended among my lord's retinue, and no enquiry whatever was made about them. Mr. Abell had procured all the necessary papers and documents he wanted, to collect the wrecks of Juliet's fortune: the moment of his departure drew near, and he promised to forward those funds without delay, in case Juliet should persist in her first design of continuing in France. He represented, however, it would be more prudent for her to return to England, and he thought it an easy matter to obtain a passport under a fictitious name: that some of my lord's relations, some good friends, would be very earnest in improving our situation: that it was in London alone that we could invest our marriage with those legal forms which secure the rights of the children, and silence prejudices.

Juliet constantly refused to adopt this plan. She relied but little on the affection of distant

relations; she rather dreaded their disapprobation and solicitations, and even the measures they would contrive, as being disgraceful to me, and disagreeable and useless to herself: she thought that true compassionate friendship was very seldom to be met with. She knew, on the contrary, that men in general, who easily indulge their own errors, are without mercy for what they call the frailties of others: those numerous circles where sensibility is overpowered by opinion, and where people are not always inclined to conceal that opinion from those who must suffer by it, offered but a very gloomy prospect to her imagination. Her marriage was equally sacred to us both, and her conscience was easy on that score. Were she to become pregnant, it would be time enough then to sacrifice her own repose for her family; but, at the present period, nothing could lay her under the necessity of crossing the sea for the sole purpose of going to London, in search of vexations, which she was a stranger to in Paris: here she was not known, and nobody disturbed her happiness;

she indeed lived in retirement, but that very retirement had its pleasures, as she shared it with me.—"We are always together," continued she, addressing me, "and we find the "days are too short: to be in company with "you, my dear, for ever with you, to see, to "wish for, to love you alone, that is for me "the summit of felicity. Let us stay in "Paris; never leave our room: love is our "constant companion; love knows how to "embellish every thing."

Abell insisted no longer: he took his leave, and bade us adieu, after having appointed a place where I should call for his letters.

Behold me then, at the age of eighteen, in possession of a charming wife, whose felicity I made it my chief study, my only enjoyment, to ensure.—Juliet, tender, modest and caressing, existed but for me alone.—She went on with her embroidery, and I with my painting; and we considered our task as an amusement; we sat facing each other, were separated only by a table under which our knees were striving to meet, and in fact did and pressed each other. It often happened

that Juliet found the table was too large; she would leave her seat to look at my drawings closer, and could not see well unless her cheek touched mine: this brought on *des distractions* *; which I did not complain of, but took care to return. When she was at work, I would approach her slily, and steal a kiss; she ran after me to take it back, and then her complexion eclipsed the lovely colours of the rose which had just sprung from under her sweet pretty fingers. Both at dinner and supper, I sat close to her, or would have her sit upon my knees: we eat out of the same plate, drank out of the same glass, and every thing tasted the better for it. On Sundays, she put on her white deshabille, I my grey cloth frock, and we indulged ourselves in a walk out of town. All the passengers gathered around us: the men gazed at her with pleasing concern! . . . the women looked at me through their fans; at which I

* The English of *distractions* is *absence*; but the reader will approve, I hope, of my retaining the French word.

was very proud, and Juliet smiled. Then we could hear the people exclaim on all sides—"Oh! what a charming couple!" We would go a little farther, and there again others repeated—"Oh! what a charming "couple!" Sometimes those compliments appeared tiresome, but yet they were always pleasing. In the evening, each of us would tell over what we had heard in praise of the other; and Juliet added: "It is for "thee alone that I wish to be handsome,"—and I replied: "Thee alone do I wish to "please."—It grew late, and we wanted to go to bed. All those little sports at last were attended with consequences it cannot be difficult to guess at: Juliet grew round about the waist; I loved her the more for it, and it gave her in my eyes an additional charm.

So far the most interesting scenes of our life had furnished me with subjects for my paintings, and the pleasure I received from delineating them made me overlook the small benefit I reaped from my labour. Abell had met with unforeseen difficulties in the arrangement of our affairs, and had not yet

sent us any money. Our funds were become very shallow, consequently I must think seriously of providing for future times. The welfare of my Juliet, the swaddling clothes that would soon be wanted; a thousand other trifling expences, at the price of which one must purchase the happiness of being a father, became objects of no small importance. I was sensible of the necessity of doubling our present returns, was contriving to find out by what means this improvement could be obtained, but yet none very satisfactory occurred: Juliet would join in my consultations, but was not more successful than myself; besides, we generally began discussing, and insensibly were brought to the chapter *des distractions*.

One day, as mother Jacquot was offering us, in a very friendly manner, such plans as were not practicable, I took out of her hands a scrap of paper, in which she had brought some pepper from the grocer's, and had been rolling in her fingers I do not know how long. —I rolled it myself whilst listening to her

nonsense; till at last I mechanically cast my eyes upon it, and discovered it to be a part of the *Mercure de France*, in which I read an extract of a new comedy, that had been lately performed at the French Theatre: the piece was l'*Inconstant*. The author, in this first essay, displayed great natural abilities, of which he has since repeatedly given fresh proofs. On a sudden I felt inspired; I rose, and, in a solemn air, declared I was a man of letters. Juliet, smiling, asked me which kind of writing I was inclined to adopt?—"Why "faith," returned I, "I don't know; but I "shall succeed, since you will inspire me." —Mother Jacquot observed, that the comedians were excommunicated, and that the authors ought to be doubly so; "for," added she, with uncommon sagacity, "if there "were no authors, there would be no come- "dians."—I determined, however, to obey my calling, notwithstanding the excommunication, and said to Juliet, with all the emphasis of a true poet: "My genius invokes "you, and awaits your inspiration; be either "Melpomene or Thalia: choose, and I will

" produce."—" Tragedy, comedy," returned Juliet, " that is very fine indeed, but very " long, and, I apprehend, altogether very " difficult. The Temple of Gnida is so " pretty! every body has read it, and every " body reads it over again."—We had the poem, I read it, and realised certain scenes which are well worth those of a tragedy. " Come, have done," said Juliet, " one can " never speak reason with you."—" Well, " don't look at me so, if you want me to " listen to reason:" then I kissed her, the book dropped from her hands, and then . . . and then . . . mother Jacquot came into the room, and asked me if I had been writing a tragedy or a comedy? Juliet blushed, I laughed, and mother Jacquot shook her head. " Well," said I to Juliet, " I am resolved " never to consult you more; I won't have " you give me any more of your advice: we " agree so very well, that we don't know " what we are about till we have done, and " that is a proper method of never obtaining " a conclusion. I have been acquainted some " years back with a printer and bookseller,

" who lives in the Rue Gallande: he is not a
" man like most of his brethren in business,
" who trafic upon the genius of others; he
" has wit, genius, and erudition of his
" own, and holds an honourable place
" amongst our men of letters: I will go and
" discourse with him. I shall have nothing
" to apprehend in his company from *les dis-*
" *tracteurs*; he will listen to me, he will
" answer me, and he shall decide. According
" to his judgment I will write tragedy, co-
" medy, an epic, didactic, or allegorical
" poem; bucolics, erotics, or lyric verse;
" and whatever I undertake, I warrant I shall
" perform wonders."—" Go, then," said Juliet; " but recollect I shall be waiting for
" you."—" You shall not wait long," returned I, going, " I am never well but by
" the side of you."

Mr. Cailleau appeared very glad to see me, and welcomed me with his usual affability: he is rather fond of talking; but this propensity, which is a defect with many people, is the reverse with him; he being a sensible man, his conversation is invariably entertain-

ing. After having sprightly ran over different subjects, Mr. Cailleau desired to be informed what brought me to his house. I answered that I was determined to court the Muses, should they even repay my caresses with frowns, and that I came to request he would point out to me which of the nine sisters I was to pay my addresses to in preference.—" Our young men are all alike," resumed he, " they mistake their inclination " for the talent of writing, and their vanity " does not allow them to consult their " strength."—" Sir," retorted I, " the greatest men have made a first essay, and would " never have written a line had they been " attacked with that puerile apprehension " with which you endeavour to awe me. I " am sensible that nature has made me a " poet, and I will obey the laws of nature." —" If, indeed," pursued Mr. Cailleau, " you " experience that impulse of nature which " cannot be opposed, you will write, and " moreover your writings will be good. " However, if you are reasonable, and can be " otherwise employed, you will be aware of

" turning author: the whim of writing ren-
" ders men wretched: Camoëns died in an
" hospital, and Cervantes in distress; Shakes-
" pear, when composing a tragedy, was
" watching a deer for a week's provision.
" Fielding, who has enriched the booksellers,
" was himself very poor; La Harpe and the
" Abbé de Lille have no other property but
" their reputation. I question if you have as
" great talents as they, and it is very uncer-
" tain whether dame fortune will use you
" better. Let us consider the enjoyments
" which pride and vanity promote, and what
" you may reasonably expect from that
" source. Racine witnessed the fall of
" almost all his tragedies, and died broken
" hearted: J. B. Rousseau was banished:
" Destouches was forced to alter his *Glorieux*,
" to please Monsieur Dufresne. The manu-
" script of *La Métromanie* lay in oblivion
" and dust for a whole six months on
" the top of the ceiling of that actor's bed,
" and Messieurs, the successors of Monsieur
" Dufresne, who have not all of them inhe-
" rited his talent, but who constantly adhere

"to tradition, pique themselves, in imitation
"of the late virtuoso, of altering and cur-
"tailing the pieces, and of mortifying the
"authors. The great, the inimitable Vol-
"taire, it is true, made a large fortune by
"his extraordinary genius and labour; but
"he was tossed about by princes who thought
"themselves above him, and, in order to
"prove it, ordered him into their Bastilles;
"the King of Prussia turned him out of his
"court, and expelled him from his domi-
"nions, because he had discovered that the
"Princess Amelia was possessed of beauty
"and was amiable; yet most certainly a look
"from Voltaire could not disgrace her high-
"ness. Voltaire himself was convulsed when-
"ever he opened any of those periodical
"publications wherein his works were re-
"viewed, from Freron's Journal down to the
"rhapsodies of petty Clement: this latter
"puts me in mind of the fable of the serpent
"and the file. The good, the honest, the
"amiable Collin d'Harleville, the only comic
"author which our stage can now boast of,
"is exposed to see his manuscripts continue

"in the port-folios of the comedians, who "are impudent enough to neglect a man "through carelessness who has supported "and enriched them, namely, the actors of "the French Theatre, and others, not to pay "him his share as an author; and yet he "does not complain. I could cite a thou-"sand instances more, if I was fond of quo-"tations; but I believe I have said enough "already to make you averse to rhiming. "*In toto*, if you display superior talents, envy "will put her serpents in motion, and you "will hear them continually hissing about "your ears. If you are to shew mediocrity, "it will be still worse; myriads of critics "will rise against you; and, as they are "incapable of doing any good themselves, "they will dispute the good you may have "done; and whereas critics are entitled to "the approbation of fools, these will also "wage war against you; and now, as the "tribes of fools are very numerous, no one "man will venture to come forward in your "defence. If you do not attain even medio-"crity, then indeed they will have nothing

" to say to you, but then your publications " will not obtain a single reader. Do not " write, my dear Sir, pray do not write, un- " less you have no other resource to keep " you from starving."—" Ah!" cried I, " you have hit the nail upon the head; that " is exactly my motive!"—" If it be so, " you will write hastily, and of course you " will write nonsense. Your plans will be " defective for want of mature consideration, " your style loose, irregular, incorrect, and " you will soon be reduced to the condition " of motto composer for the confectioners of " the Rue des Lombards; or set up peti- " tion, memorial, and letter writer, to all the " maid-cooks in your neighbourhood. Now " I will conclude, and speak to you as a " bookseller. Your works, either good or " bad, will lay in the shop of the book- " seller, who, though he pays you but one- " fourth of their value, will still pay them " too dear; because my brethren the pi- " rates, who pretend they get an *honest* " living by counterfeiting the one and the " other, and who at the bottom are no better

" than a set of thieves, who ought to be
" whipped at a cart's-tail and sent to Toulon
" as galley-slaves; because, I say, my bre-
" thren of piratical celebrity, will counter-
" feit your works upon coarse grey paper,
" with old blunted types, sell them six sous
" cheaper, and do very well for themselves;
" whilst you and your bookseller will be
" sadly off. Do not write, my dear Sir, for
" God's sake do not write."—" You speak
" very much at your ease," returned I;
" were I a printer I would live by the folly
" of others; but it is my unfortunate lot to
" be reduced to folly myself. Let us make
" an end of it. You have forgot that the
" question is not to know whether I shall
" write or decline it; I am determined:
" now, what kind of writing shall I adopt?
" this is the only point upon which I want to
" consult you."—" My answer shall be
" brief," rejoined Mr. Cailleau: " If you
" have genius, write a *comédie de caractère*;
" if you have only poetical virtue, write
" such insignificant tragedies as are brought

" forth daily: if you have only wit, compose " pretty fashionable comedies, where grace- " ful and sprighly details are substitutes for " interest or action: if you are possessed of " imagination only, write a novel: if your " whole talent consists in polishing a line, " write a didactic poem: if you can boast of " reminiscence only, write an *opera-bouffon*: " if you have nothing at all of what I have " mentioned, then, write a journal."—" I " should be pretty much inclined," replied I, " to stick to the journal; perhaps it might " prove the wisest plan; but my stars rul " me, and I must try the *comédie de ca-* " *ractère.* You have not concealed from me " the disagreeable part of the undertaking; " be pleased also to mention the advantages " that may be derived."—" Faith," answered he, " they are but very trifling: the esteem " of about thirty people who are able judges " of an author's merit; the clapping of other " people, who shall have purchased for thirty " sous the right and privilege of becoming " judges, and, at the end of the performance,

"will call for the author. This high newly "introduced compliment, was the due re-"compence of Voltaire's numberless suc-"cesses; he charmed, he moved, he trans-"ported the audience, and they were willing "to offer him that homage; but the *Farterre* "were good judges at that time. The pre-"sent *Parterre*, who resemble the former "much about as you do Voltaire, insist upon "seeing the author. They will see him if "he has made them laugh; they will see "him if he has made them weep; they will "see him though they have hissed without "giving him hearing; nay, if perchance "they have had good reasons to hiss, they "are still base enough to call for him, that "they may insult him after his disgrace. "Oh! ye Vandals, consider how you show "contempt to the man of letters, who has "some regard for himself. From the top of "Helicon he despises the croakings that arise "from the low *Parterre*; he rejects a distinc-"tion which is become opprobrious, for "having been undeservedly lavished upon so

" many; and keeps in retirement between
" his glory and friends."

" What you are telling me," said I to Mr. Cailleau, " is not very encouraging. Are " those the only advantages that I can flatter " myself with ?"—" Perhaps," continued he, " one of our little great lords will take it " into his head to act the Mæcenas. He " will mention you to some lady in keeping, " who will receive you with a formal air, " and, in case you can spare her a night or " two, will recommend you to some of the " under clerks in the minister's office, who, " in order to get rid of the said lady's impor- " tunities, will have you appointed Censeur " Royal, or Academician."

I requested Mr. Cailleau to give me some positive instructions respecting the consideration and income attached to this title Academician. " The income is reduced to a " cipher," replied he, " and the considera- " tion is not worth much more. Formerly, " a seat in the Academy was an object ear- " nestly desiderated; but, at this present pe-

" riod, they throw it at the head of people " who scorn to sit in it. Men of quality " even refuse it; witness the Marshal de " Saxe, whom I do not mention, believe me, " with a view of ridiculing the hero, for it is " beautiful to conceal one's ignorance be- " neath one's laurels; but, however, the " Marshall de Saxe being solicited to become " a member, wrote to the Duc de Noailles: " *I've anserred dat I new not eaven artografy,* " *and dat dat wood becomme as a ring to a cat;* " *wy are nat you member youself? I dred ridi-* " *kioule, an diss to me apperze one*, &c. If they " go on, the messieurs of the Academy will " justify Piron's saying: *Amongst the whole* " *forty they will have as much wit as four.*" —" That is enough," said I to Mr. Cailleau. " Now tell me, pray, what is a Censeur " Royal?"—" A Censeur Royal," returned he, " would be a somewhat less, if the salary " was not pretty good, and the perquisites " adequate to the principal. Ask a certain " gentleman, whose name I purposely sup- " press, because he is universally known, ask " him how much he received from the Ma-

" nagers of the Theatre of the Palais-Royal,
" not to expunge a scene, which the actors
" of the French Theatre wanted the suppres-
" sion of, because there was common place
" wit in it? Ask him what are the qualifica-
" tions that are requisite to obtain so lucra-
" tive a situation? and, if he will be candid,
" he will answer you, none. One of these
" Censeurs once gave his approbation at the
" bottom of a translation of the Alcoran,
" importing that he had found nothing in it
" that was contrary to good morals, the reli-
" gion or government of France; and yet he
" was not erased from the list. He will in-
" form you, if he will speak the truth, how
" (with a dispensation of talents which is ra-
" ther accommodating) a man may become
" a Censeur Royal and an Academician, pro-
" vided he understands a little English, and
" has a handsome, complaisant wife. He
" will acquaint you" . . .—" Oh!" inter-
rupted I, " let us have done with him; I care
" no more for the Censorship than for the
" Academy. Only tell me how much a co-

"medy in five acts may produce, in case it "has no bad success?"—"More or less," answered he, "according as you are upon "good terms with Monsieur le Semainier *, "who may make you rich or poor as will "please his fancy, and in as much as his "good intentions are not barred by sickness "at command, gay suppers, the consequence "of the suppers, or unless he chooses to "make your comedy fall *dans les règles* †, "in order to improve the patrimony of his "*company*, or to favour Mister Such a One, "a favourite in the green-room."—"You do "not consider matters on the fair side," resumed I; "but the die is cast; I shall not "give it up; I will write the *comédie de ca-* "*ractère*, whatever the consequence may "be."—I took my leave of Mr. Cailleau, and, on my way home, was thinking of a

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* Weekly Manager.

† If at three different times the money got at the door did not amount to a certain stated sum, the author had no farther claim to a share; and this was called to fall *dans les règles*.

subject and title for my piece. I found Juliet sitting with great ceremony opposite Monsieur le Curé of St. Etienne-du-Mont, who was come to visit the poor people that lived in the upper part of the house, and had eagerly seized that opportunity of being acquainted with his new parishioners.

It was time I should return. Juliet was so embarrassed that it struck me immediately, and I judged that Monsieur le Curé had been asking some indiscreet questions, which she had been at a loss to answer: I hastened to introduce general indifferent topics of conversation, and affected with the priest that cold civility which signifies exactly, I know too much of good manners to turn you out, but you will do me pleasure if you never return. I believe the Curé understood my meaning very well; he rose from his seat and departed, after having delivered a few compliments, which I did not care much for. I asked Juliet whether he had not entered into some particulars relative to our situation. She told me that, at first, he addressed her in

a very civil manner, though indeed rather courtly for a priest; then he had enquired what country we came from? Juliet had answered that we were natives of Calais.— "And I suppose, Madam, you were married "there?"—"Yes, Monsieur le Curé."— "At which parish?"——"I have forgot, "Monsieur le Curé."—"That's surprising." —"Why so, pray Monsieur le Curé?"— "Because there is but one parish in Calais."— I fretted much and he resumed, "is Calais a "pretty place?"—"Very pretty, Monsieur "le Curé."—"The women are said to be "very well, sensible, honest above all things, "and the men remarkably well made."— "My husband is the handsomest man I ever "knew."—"And you love him dearly?"— "I adore him, Monsieur le Curé!"—"There "is no harm in that."—"I know it, Mon"sieur le Curé."—"Whoever sees him will "envy him."—"That's all in vain, Mon"sieur le Curé,"—and I went and sat myself where you saw me, because Monsieur le Curé's chair began to be rather too near mine.—"But how came he," replied I, "to

"know that we lived here?"—"It was I," answered mother Jacquot, "who desired him "to walk in; he is a godly man that Curé "of ours, and his visits are sure to draw the "blessing of heaven upon a family."—"You "acted wrong," said I to mother Jacquot, "you know that we do not wish to see any "body."—"But our Curé . . . ."—"Less "than any body else: these people will med-"dle with every thing, are always trouble-"some, and you can't get rid of them when "you like."—"Get rid of our Curé!" muttered mother Jacquot in her teeth.—I told her very seriously that she would hurt me much if ever she was to mention him again; I begged of her, if he was to call a second time, to tell him that we were gone out, and recommended to her above all things never to inform him of our affairs.—She promised she would not and then I gave Juliet an account of what had passed between me and Mr. Cailleau.—"He is right," said she; "do "not write, my dear; for God's sake do not "write."—"I must try," I replied: "you "shall hear my productions, and such pas-

"sages as you are not satisfied with I will "throw into the fire."—I began accordingly: Juliet soon disliked my present occupation; she could not speak to me; I was continually engaged, always writing verse, out of humour when I could not fill up one, and more dissatisfied still when it was not a good one; I lost my appetite, grew sulky, thought no more of love in the day time and Juliet reckoned the days were very long. "The muses are dan- "gerous rivals," said she to me, after some-time, "I hope that you will fall; a fall alone "can restore you to your wife."—I represented to her the necessity of applying to some lucrative employment: I consoled her, I caressed her, but a cursed hemistic summoned me back to my study, which I had contrived in our room by means of a piece of old tapestry behind which I was intrenched for fear of the *distractions*. Here Juliet never would intrude upon me when I was writing. When she had been reading some passage that promised to succeed she was vexed and I could see it by her looks; but she smiled contentment when she read such as threatened

me with a fall. I used to be happy when she frowned, and frowned in my turn when she was pleased; in fine, we never could agree; I finished my comedy at last and read it all over, after the example of Moliere, who tried his comedies with an old maid servant; I wished to have mother Jacquot listen to mine. She fell asleep, which affected me but little, as a *comédie de caractère* could not be interesting for mother Jacquot; Juliet was very attentive and smiled frequently, she applauded at some tender scenes of love, and that I expected, as I had depicted the sentiment from my own heart; she congratulated me sincerely, which was to me the most precious recompence for my labour.

My head was fatigued, I told my dear Juliet that I should divorce the Muses till . . , "till the success of your first essay," continued she; "one likes to know what to depend "upon."—"I don't question its success."—"Nor I neither, but we must see."—"Well, "you shall see, you incredulous little hus-"sey."—I wrote to Monsieur le Semainier of the theatre for which my comedy was in-

tended, requesting he would appoint a day for my reading, and during the interval between my letter and his answer, I betook myself again to my painting and Juliet to her embroidery; it was with new pleasure I found my table again, Juliet's knees, and, especially the *distractions*; they soon restored me to appetite, good humour, and love: I was no longer a great man, but I was become happy, and Juliet did not fail to observe that the intoxication of happiness was well worth the smokes of Parnassus.

A whole fortnight elapsed; I grew tired of not hearing from Monsieur le Semainier and imagined the shortest way to go to work was to call myself for his answer. I arrived at the theatre and the keeper conducted me to the green room. There I met several of the actresses surrounded by about a score of young gentlemen, who thought themselves very fine fellows. These gentlemen were addressing them in the prettiest nonsensical chit-chat in the world; spoke of their beauty with as much assurance as if they had been capable of judging through the white and red paint;

praised their talent as though they were persuaded the damsels had any, and the ladies, who prided themselves upon being very sensible, were made complete dupes of upon the occasion. I desired, in a very polite manner, to be informed which was Monsieur le Semainier? but they were so importantly engaged they could not have time to answer me, and accordingly did not, so that I proceeded farther on.

A young lady, who used neither washes nor paint, and might have appeared extremely handsome to any body who knew not Juliet, was sitting on a bench; another group of young men encircled her, without speaking, and may be they were right for that, but listened to her for which they were right again, for she spoke with graceful facility, and though upon insignificant subjects, yet this nonsense flowing from her lips acquired some degree of interest. I made so bold as to interrupt her to enquire where Monsieur le Semainier was to be found? She very obligingly answered me that the Semainier (she dropt the Monsieur) was very busy at that

moment, as the play was going to begin, but that he would soon make his appearance in the green room. She said no more and I heard the signal to draw up the curtain; all the young men instantly withdrew, and I was left alone with the handsome damsel, who went on with her conversation as if we had been acquainted for six months. She asked what brought me to the theatre? I told her. She desired I would not be offended at the Semainier's silence.—" It is not customary " with us to answer those authors we know " nothing of. There are so many people at " this present time who take it into their " heads to write, that if we were to answer " every one of them we must keep a secretary " on purpose, merely for the correspondence. " An author of your appearance has no occa- " sion writing to a Semainier, he introduces " himself at once, which removes all manner " of difficulty. Come and dine with me to- " morrow, and we will talk about your " affair."—I thanked her, accepted her invi- tation and took her address.

A short little man with a round big belly,

all covered with gold, advanced heavily striding with his open arms, towards my little beauty, said a thousand stupid things, laughed loudly at his own folly, and concluded by enquiring in a whisper whether she would accept of a supper and a hundred louis?—"Come to-morrow with such a face as that," said she, pointing to me, "and I will present "you with two hundred."—"What! you "are concerned in this young man's favour?" pursued the short lusty gentleman, "well, "we will procure a situation for him. "A-propos, I have been told that your new "dressing-room here is a charming thing; "let us see it."—He offered his hand to her, she followed him, and there I was left alone. I wondered at what I had seen and heard!... Such customs, such manners, such language, such doings, are not to be met with elsewhere than in a green room!

Monsieur le Curé, who probably had found Juliet to his liking was in another tête-à-tête with her when I returned. I did not bow to him, neither did I answer what he said to me; he retreated, and he did well, for I was going

to turn him out by the shoulders. I scolded mother Jacquot, who protested that this once he was come without introduction; Juliet confirmed the report, adding that those visits were become as troublesome to her as to myself; from which I concluded that the Curé had deviated from his charge, and I determined to break out with him, if ever he should intrude upon us again.

The next day I prepared to go to my pretty lady's. I had pocketted my manuscript and Juliet bad me farewell with uncommon sadness.—"What is the matter with you, my "dear?"—"Nothing, l'Heureux."—"Why "will you not speak the truth?"—"Well, "since you will have me tell you, I was "thinking those ladies are sometimes more "dangerous rivals to a doating wife even "than the Muses."—"Why won't you do "yourself more justice? He who has loved "Juliet can love no other."—We embraced and I departed.

I was received like one who is impatiently waited for, was told that the day after the

morrow

morrow had been appointed for the reading of my comedy; upon this I took my manuscript out of my pocket.—"There's no occa-"sion for my hearing it now," said the lady; "a handsome man can write only pretty "things. Besides, I shall be present at the "general reading; let us sit down and speak "about yourself."—I readily perceived that memory and grimace constituted the whole of her wit, and began to think her not so handsome. She endeavoured to mimic ingenuity and sentiment, but exhibited an aukward affectation, and her bosom, which she pretended not to shew; her looks were wound up to tenderness, but spoke only wantonness and lust. My former illusion soon vanished, and the handsome lady no longer appeared to me but a very ordinary woman. As she interested me no more, I spoke but little; however as I interested her much, she discoursed in proportion. Her hands were of the stirring kind; she was playing with my frill, and did not seem disposed to stop in so fair a way, when I was released by a servant who came in to inform us

dinner was upon table.—We passed into the dining-room, and, that I might do something, I tasted of every dish.—" I am very sorry in-" deed," said she, " I treat you so shock-" ingly: but my cook is lying-in; my waiting " woman, who dresses my hair, cannot soil her " hands; my coachman, who is a tolerable " good hand at cooking, does not like " to meddle with it, and my jockey is an " entire stranger to the business; so that I " was forced to send to the restaurateur, and " that you may easily guess at, for every thing " tastes bad, and we are served in Wedgwood's " ware; for my part, I can't relish my meals " unless I eat in plate."—Ten years after, she was glad to go from one theatre to another to beg a night's benefit. Such vicissitudes are well calculated to avenge a modest woman for the scandalous luxury of those ladies, and to console her for the sacrifices she offers to virtue.

After dinner she shewed me into her boudoir, which was so elegant, so lively . . . so fresh ! . . . It cost her so little ! . . . She renewed her attacks with a vivacity that frightened me. I was thinking of my come-

dy, would not affront her, and was ready to surrender; however, I stood upon the defensive and she at length perceived it: on a sudden she pushed me back and, withdrawing at some distance, exclaimed: "It must be "owned that some men are very ill bred, "that some men are very stupid, very tedi-"ous, very. . . . ."—I was piqued at the apostrophe, took up my hat, and replied: "I "have a wife who is infinitely handsomer "than you, infinitely more sensible than "you, infinitely more loving and honest "than you; in short, I have had enough of "you."

As soon as I had got into the street I repented having used such blunt language; she might avenge herself upon my comedy, but what was said was said, and there was no remedy.

I recounted the whole transaction to Juliet. At first, she laughed heartily; and, after having reflected a moment, she embraced me with inexpressible tenderness. Oh! I how returned her caresses! . . . I now felt my heart was returned within me.

I attended the theatre at the hour appointed for my reading. Part of my judges were already assembled; they were kind enough to return my profound bows with a slight inclination of the head, and continued talking upon sundry indifferent topics; but did not do me the *honour* to speak one word to me. After having danced attendance a full half hour, I ventured to ask in a timid voice whether they would have the goodness to hear me. One of the *gentlemen*, with a mutilated turn towards me, answered they were waiting for some body, and this answer silenced me once more. At the expiration of another half hour, another *gentleman* appeared, who had breakfasted at the Bois de Boulogne; he begged his comrades pardon for having kept them waiting, looked at me with an air of protection, and the *gentlemen* (his comrades) and he sat down round a green cloth. Monsieur le Semainier beckoned to me to draw near; I looked all over the place for the young lady whom I had dined with on the preceding day, but she had sent word that she would not come; this made me sensible that I had lost

her good graces, but I did not care, and began reading. The company listened to me with an unaccountable sang-froid, and when I had finished desired me to walk into the next room, where Monsieur the head servant was so very *polite* as to converse with me very familiarly, whilst my judges held consultation upon the destiny of my performance. I was called back and Monsieur le Semainier read aloud to me the bulletins, with as much gravity and solemnity as a sitting magistrate would return a verdict. The result was, that the piece was received, with *corrections* to be made. The *gentleman* who was to perform the lover, only liked sprightly parts, and insisted upon my expunging from his all the reasoning. The *lady* to whose talents was allotted the part of heroine, could only shine in the details, and her part was too sentimental. And the *gentleman* who played low comedy, did not approve of honest valets, and the one I had introduced was fatiguingly honest, &c. &c. &c. Each of them demanded divers alterations; so that, in order to please them all, I must write my piece over

again. I supported my performance, and entered into the motives of my defence, but Monsieur le Semainier observed to me that the judgment and decision of the committee were without appeal; he even apprized me, that though I might submit to the *corrections prescribed*, I could not expect my comedy should be acted before two or three years.—At this declaration, although I was but an author, I flew in a passion, pocketed my manuscript, and left the committee in the like manner they had received me, with an air rather bordering on contempt. After all, it was but retaliation!

Poor talents, how you are degraded!

And yet, the *gentlemen* comedians complain when they are hissed, and the heroines of the stage complain when the journalists do not praise their talents! Oh! what singular people they are!

I went and imparted my misadventure to Mr. Cailleau.—" I had forewarned you," said he; " you would not believe me, and now " you suffer for it. Let me consider, how- " ever, if there is not some means of intro-

"ducing you into the literary world;" and he conducted me to Monvel's.

Monvel had lately engaged to perform at the Theatre of the Palais-Royal, and the public, that was not yet so stupid as it has since proved, knew how to esteem Monvel. He received us with great civility, which did not surprise me at all. As he was a man of letters, of great distinction himself, he did not wish to mortify others with a view of raising his own name. He ran over my manuscript: "There may be some passages," said he, "which require slight alterations; but "you have genius, and if you will but take "some pains, you may do great things. Call "again to-morrow, and I hope I shall have "some good news to impart."—I was very punctual. Monvel informed me that my piece was received, that the parts were about being copied, that there would soon be a rehearsal; and he presented me, in the name of the managers, with an order of fifty louis on the cashier of the Theatre. This was but a trifle in case I succeeded; but if I succeeded

not it was a large sum. I signed the absolute resignation of my comedy, and took the mandate. I requested Monvel to distribute the parts, and superintend the rehearsals; which he promised with the most obliging good grace, and did even more than he had promised.

At length I saw the long wished for bill of the play, and there was my comedy in large conspicuous letters: my heart panted for joy at reading the bill, and I ran from street to street to read it: if any body stopped by me, I thought he could read in my countenance that I was the author of the new piece, and I would run to the corner of another street to gaze at the bill again.

On the eve of the grand day I was quite distracted: Juliet, who was ever composed, experienced a little inquietude only. We did not sleep a wink during the whole night. We repeated over such passages as were to excite enthusiasm, ran hastily over those from which we did not expect the same good effect, but flattered ourselves, however, that the talents of the actors would make them pass uncen-

sured. We rose at day-break, and spoke of my comedy; at breakfast our conversation ran upon my comedy; and all the day long we could discourse upon no other subject than my comedy. We were dressed, as early as two o'clock, as fine as our circumstances would permit, and thought of hurrying time on by our hurrying towards it. We arrived at the Theatre of the Palais-Royal, but the doors not being open, we went to a neighbouring coffee-house. Here the amateurs and caballers were already collected. The former applauded the emulation of the actors of that Theatre: the latter blamed them for presuming to act a piece in five acts, as mine happened to be the first of the kind they ever performed. I overheard every thing that was said, and sat upon thorns. Juliet laid hold of my arm, and we walked round the garden. Twice did I bring her up to the door of the Theatre, and twice did we find it shut: the cursed doors would not open, the clocks would not go, and I was all in a fidget. At last they opened, and we went to hide ourselves in the upper boxes. All those that sat

near us spoke of the new piece.—" A piece " in five acts at this Theatre!" said one.— " That's very comical indeed!" said another: " what an oddity!"—" It will be horrid!" said a third.—I felt very angry, wanted to rise to silence them all; but Juliet looked and smiled at me, and I was appeased.

I reckoned every minute: they lighted the lustre: half an hour after, the lamps came up; an hour after, the musicians began tuning their instruments: at last, the curtain was drawn up. Oh! how my heart beat .... it removed even the hand of my Juliet. The play began. At the slightest murmuring I grew distracted; the least applause revived my hopes. What a situation! and a man can submit to write verse, and to have his verse acted! The first act ended. At the beginning of the second, there was a loud coughing and blowing of noses: a scene, however, very melting, sentimental, and well written, carried universal applause. Juliet's countenance flourished, my heart dilated. The following scene was weak; some few insipid expressions attracted numberless ah!

ah's! Juliet grew pale, and I trembled: notwithstanding, the second act fought its way through. Towards the middle of the third act, a few hisses issued from various parts of the *Parterre*. The storm was gathering, it grew thicker and thicker, every thing announced a dreadful explosion. One of the constant visitors of the Theatre, very foolishly called out—" down with the cabal;" and instantly a general hissing ensued; nay, those who sat by me hissed in my very ears. I was in a rage; I raved, I stormed, I swore; I wanted to fall upon all the hissers.—" Phedra " fell," said Juliet to me; " why can't " you be reconciled to your present disap- " pointment?"—It was some consolation for me to share in the disgrace of a great man, and I appealed to posterity for the judgment of my cotemporaries. The hissing, however, went on, and the actors could no longer understand one another.—Monvel came forward, and told the spectators, that the piece was the performance of a young author, who only wanted some encouragement: they applauded Monvel, and continued hissing the

young author. Michot, an actor who does not spoil the public, made faces at them; and the public, who idolized Michot, applauded his faces, and began hissing unmercifully. At last, the cries of *silence, drop the curtain*, completed my misery; the curtain came down, and I was undone. I could see, I could hear only my kind, my feeling Juliet, who hurried me away, saying: "if you had succeeded, I could not "love you more: you have fallen, and you "know that I shall not love you the less for "it. Come, my dear, come. True happi-"ness dwells with us at home, and you shall "find it there."—The air affected me, and I fainted away. I was carried, by Juliet's direction, to the house of the person to whom Abell addressed our letters, and who lived close by, at the entrance of the Rue de Richelieu: there we were delivered a parcel he had received three days before, which contained bills of exchange to the amount of fifty thousand livres, and the assurance of a like sum in the course of a month.—"You "shall have no farther occasion to write,"

said Juliet to me, weeping for joy.—" No " longer shall you be exposed to distress," returned I, clasping her in my arms. We called a coach, and returned home. I threw all my writings, the paper I had left, and even my pens, into the fire. I tore off the old piece of tapestry, and flung it out of the window; and supped pretty chearfully for a fallen author. Juliet once had made me forget the Bois de Boulogne; this time she made me forget my fall: in a word, in her company I could forget any thing—Juliet and my affection excepted.

CHAP. II.

I HAVE LOST HER.

I WAS now well cured of my passion for writing, and determined to embrace less dangerous and more useful employments; and consulted with Juliet to what use I should apply the funds I was going to receive, and likewise those we expected. We agreed to purchase a house and about fifty acres of land, at ten or twelve leagues from Paris. There we should be sheltered from the pursuits of the police, the confinement of a convent, the hissing of the *Parterre* *, and the criticisms of the journalists. Towards the latter end of the year, we proposed to entrust our pastor with the particular circumstances of our history, in case he was a man advanced in years, discreet and unprejudied. We would submit to whatever he should prescribe to ensure Juliet's fortune to that beloved child with which I was going to be blessed, and others that in

* The Pit.

all probability would follow. Our house was to be small, but kept excessively neat. A kitchen, a dining-room, and a summer parlour, on the ground floor, three or four rooms above, was all we wished for; nor did we want more. Nice gay paper, plain furniture, but of an elegant form, chearfulness, peace, and happiness, were to adorn the whole house. In the remotest part of the upper story, we intended there should be a room which nobody should ever enter except Juliet and myself. Here we should have Spanish blinds, and double curtains, a little recess, and a *lit de repos*, with a drapery to hide it: I was to paint on the ceiling Constancy clipping the wings of little Cupids: between the two windows we were to have steps covered with the sweetest flowers in all seasons: and, lastly, on a little marble stand, the Art of Love by Bernard, the Seasons by St. Lambert, Rousseau's Héloïse, and the Letters upon Mythology, were to complete the furniture of the Temple of Mystery. Juliet listened to me with great attention whilst I was mentioning my little arrangement . . . . she

smiled at me with such complacence! . . . . No, never did any one love like Juliet; never was any one loved as I loved her.

The garden was to contain every thing that could be useful and agreeable, without symmetrical order. Winding walks bordered with lilacs, apple-trees, honey-suckles, acacias, plumb-trees, vines, or poplars, were to lead from a kitchen-garden to a parterre. From the parterre to a bower formed with the shading branches of linden-trees, under which benches of turf should be found; next to the bower another kitchen-garden, and then a bowling-green, and swing and nine pins: then a meadow, where the eye could behold a winding stream apparently leaving with regret that turf which Juliet had trod. Here I intended to keep a cow and goat peaceably grazing, whose milk the delicate hands of my beloved was to convert into butter or cheese. Here mother Jacquot was to take our child, who would tumble on the grass, and extend his little limbs: here we were to smile upon his earliest exertions to

walk. Our pleasing neighbours were to share in our recreations; the honest needy in our affluence; and the unfortunate were to breathe the oblivion of their calamities.

When we had finished our little romance, I went out to have my bills of exchange accepted. I was so much prepossessed with the idea of our future enjoyments, that I forgot to take the draughts with me, and did not discover it till I arrived at the banker's house. I returned accordingly; and the Curé, who very likely watched my absence, was at my house when I came in.—"Monsieur "le Curé," said I to him, in a resolute tone, "we want neither alms, consolation, nor ad- "vice. Your frequent visits here are indis- "creet, at best. I hope this will be the last, "and that you will not oblige me to use a "language equally disagreeable and displeas- "ing to us both."—He left us without a reply, casting a most furious look upon me. —"I do not doubt," said I to Juliet, "but "this man has been here very frequently "whilst I was attending the rehearsals of my

" comedy."—" Too often, indeed," she replied; " I am well acquainted with your heat " of temper, and know also how men of his " description are to be apprehended; and I " determined to hold my tongue."—" Pray, " what did he speak to you about?"—" About " myself."—" He loves you then!"—" I am " afraid he does."—" The villain! he shall " pay dear for his temerity."—" Compose " yourself."—" I compose myself!"—" You " must."—" I cannot."—" We must use " precautions."—" What, with vice!"— " With the vicious."—" They are to be " despised."—" The clergy are powerful." —" I will go to our banker's directly, pay " whatever discount he demands to get the " amount of the bills; and we will leave " Paris to-morrow, nay this evening, this " instant. We will bury ourselves in a desert, and shun all mankind. They all behold you with my eyes. Your beauty " seduces them, your mildness allures, and " your virtue irritates them. Fly, fly with " me, or I cannot answer to what extremities " I may carry myself."—" Command me,"

returned she, with that penetrating tone that never forsook her; "Juliet is entirely your's, "and will be happy wherever she enjoys your "company."

I told the banker that I was rather embarrassed in my circumstances; and he was so kind as to discount my bills at one-half per cent. I ordered the money to be carried to the correspondent whose probity Abell had warranted:—how happily was I inspired!

On my return home, I descried from the top of tho Rue de la Harpe, the Curé and mother Jacquot seemingly engaged in close conversation. The great number of hackney-coaches and stages that stood in the Place St. Michel, partly concealed them from me, but I got between the coaches in hopes of overhearing a conversation which interested perhaps the destiny of my whole life. One coachman wanted to take me to Bourg-la-Reine, another to Villejuif; the Curé turned his head, knew me, and went away.

I asked mother Jacquot what they had been discoursing about. She told me that she was

going to market, that the Curé had followed her: she to be sure had not dared exactly to lie; but she thought she had not spoken a word that could expose us to any danger: besides, I might be very easy; the Curé was an excellent, worthy man, who only wished for our good, and he had said so himself.

I concluded, from this account, that mother Jacquot had said a great deal too much, without suspecting it; that the Curé knew every thing about us, and that I had no time to lose.—Therefore seeing an inscription over a gateway: *Coach-office for Lyons*, &c. I instantly hired two places in the coach, that was to set off for Lyons on the third day. I determined to leave mother Jacquot in Paris, that I might not be exposed any more from her indiscretion; and went to join my dear Juliet, wohm I was eager not to lose sight of for a single moment.

I received a letter in the course of the afternoon; the hand was to me unknown, and I suspected it was a feigned one. The letter was signed by a banker, who informed me that he lived at the Chaussée d'Antin; that

he corresponded with Mr. Abell, from whom he had heard that lord Tillmouth's daughter was married in Paris; that he had written to Mr. Abell in London, to enquire after her direction, in order to return two hundred thousand livres which remained due to my lord at the time of his catastrophe, and, consequently, had not been seized by government. He added that, for fear of endangering himself, he would repay the money to none but Juliet or me; and that, in order to make ourselves known, it would be sufficient to produce one of Mr. Abell's letters; and that he expected either of us the next morning at ten o'clock. We thought it extraordinary, and even improbable, that Abell should have mentioned us in letters of business; that he should have sent our direction so inconsiderately. It appeared surprising to me that, in his last letter, he had not noticed an object of such moment. We wondered how, supposing so large a sum had been left in the banker's hands, the bill of exchange was not found amongst my lord's papers when the seals were

taken off. We could not conceive why the banker did not mention the bill, which he ought to consider as a discharge for the sum: besides, it did not seem likely that a man, who acted in violation of the interest of government, should enter into such details in a first letter, which might happen to fall into the hands of strangers. It would have been more natural and plain, to have invited me to his house, signifying he had particular business to impart. We suspected there was some trick intended at the bottom, and resolved not to leave our lodgings till we should step into the diligence.

During the course of the day, we made new reflections. Perhaps the man who had the charge of collecting my lord's funds, was the bearer of the bill at the time of my lord's accident, and not knowing whom to deliver it to in Paris, nor whom to send it back to in London, had deposited it with the banker himself, whose extensive correspondence had enabled him to obtain the necessary intelligence. It was also possible, that this banker might have forgot to mention the draft in

his letter to me. The sum was too considerable to be sacrificed through our diffidence, which might be ill founded. In fine, we agreed to take some preliminary eclaircissements. I sent for a Royal Almanack, where I looked for and found the name and direction stated in the letter I had received. This gave me some little encouragement. However, as it was possible the very name and direction might have been picked out of the Royal Almanack by the author of the letter, I wrote to the banker, to ascertain whether the letter came from him; and inform him, in case it was so, I should wait upon him the next day, according to his invitation.

Juliet observed, that the banker himself lay under some apprehensions, and that, as he did not know my hand-writing, perhaps he would return no answer. She added, that, the better to convince him, I should inclose one of Abell's letters in mine. I followed her advice, sent for a porter, and recommended him to deliver my parcel into the banker's own hands. I durst not trust mo-

ther Jacquot. I knew she was a good-hearted woman, but somebody might watch her; she might chat; and I had every thing to dread from her simplicity and the foul designs of the Curé.

An hour and a half after, the porter returned with my letter. He brought word that the banker was gone out, and that the counting-house was shut every day at four o'clock.

The next day, at eight in the morning, I received a second letter, requesting I would be punctual to the hour appointed, because he had heard, the day before, of a considerable failure at Bourdeaux: would mount into his chaise at twelve, and not return till the whole business was settled, which might possibly require a long time. Whilst I was reading this letter, an old woman, who lived in our former house of the Rue St. Victor, came to invite mother Jacquot to breakfast with her. I pressed her to go, as I was certain she would stop the whole morning, and the Curé, during my absence, could not procure farther intelligence, in case he was not apprized of all my affairs. I begged Juliet would lock

and bolt her door, and not open it to any one till I came back.

I ran to the Chaussée d'Antin, and introduced myself to the banker. I communicated the business that brought me; told him who I was, and produced Abell's letters: the banker was staring at me all the while; at last he told me, that he never had any funds belonging to my lord in his possession; that Mr. Abell was an entire stranger to him; and that he had never written to me.

I hastened away, got into a hackney-coach, gave the coachman a six livre piece, and desired he would drive full speed.—I reached my home in less than a quarter of an hour.—Every thing was quiet in the neighourhood. I asked of a baker, who kept the shop below, whether there was any thing new: "Not the least thing," answered he; and I went up stairs.—I thought I heard Juliet's voice, and stopped to listen.—"It is abominable," said she, "for a man of your profession, to abuse his authority, and persecute honest people, who have not offended you."—"Let us conclude," replied the vil-

lainous Curé; "I am not come here to dispute. I have informed you what my intentions were, and you must submit. I am master of your secret, and will make you suffer if you resist."—My rage was raised to the highest pitch; I searched for the key, but it was inside of the door, which I instantly burst open, rushed in, seized a large stick, fell upon the traitor, and drubbed him most unmercifully to the bottom of the stair-case.

When I looked out of the window, I could see the wretch walk with some difficulty indeed, but with an air of great composure, which never forsook him. He could always command those meek affecting manners, which people of his description assume with such appearance of sincerity, and which have made so many victims.

"Let us leave this house immediately," said I to Juliet; "perhaps, if we stop another hour, we shall be too late. . . . It is I who have ruined you. If it had not been for my criminal passion, you would have yielded to your father's desires; he would not have entered that fatal coffee-room.

"He would still be alive, rich, revered, and "happy; you would share in his felicity, and "promote that of an honourable man, whose "days I have rendered miserable. You would "not be exposed to the persecutions of a base "wretch; you would not be reduced to seek "for a refuge, which, perhaps, you will not "be able to procure. I am a wretch..... "I have offended your father; and righteous "heaven punishes me."—"And you too, said "Juliet, will you torment me? What shall I "become if you side with my persecutors?" A hundred kisses, a thousand kisses, stopped my lips, and cooled my blood.—I had chagrined her, I begged her pardon; my tears began to flow, and she thought only of drying them up.—"Let us be gone," repeated I, "let us be gone."—Juliet re-echoed, "Let us be gone."

I wrote a donation of all our goods to mother Jacquot, as a due recompence for the good offices we had received from her: we only took some linen, and quitted the room. I left the key with the baker, desiring he would give it to mother Jacquot, and tell her

there was a paper on the table which concerned her.

I was very particular in walking the bye-streets only as far as the water-side. We crossed the river facing the King's Garden, went through the Arsenal, and then up the Boulevards to the Porte St. Martin. Juliet was tired; we entered a coffee-house, sat down in a corner by ourselves, and there we spoke in a low voice of the danger that threatened us. I reproached her gently for having opened her door. She told me she had hesitated; but the Curé said he had important advice to communicate. He wished to prove that his affection was pure and sincere; and she had willingly let him in.—Innocence loaths to suspect crime!

Juliet wanted us to go and spend ten or twelve hours, that we were to continue in Paris before our departure for Lyons, at Abell's correspondent. I observed to her, that he knew nothing about our affairs; that, if we were to go to him, we must necessarily make a confession of the whole; and that we had just experienced how dangerous it was to trust

to strangers. "Let us only confide in our-
" selves, said I, for our security; look out for
" ready furnished lodgings, and stop there
" till we leave Paris. Our correspondent
" shall forward our funds to Lyons, or to any
" place we direct him. If we think proper
" to leave France, we may retire into Holland
" or Switzerland, and there put in execution
" the same plan we had projected."— "Yes,"
answered Juliet, "we will go to Switzer-
" land. We will purchase a small estate
" near the lake of Geneva, in the neighbour-
" hood of Lauzanne or Vevai; we shall dis-
" cover from thence the rocks of Meil-
" lerie. They must be a delightful sight."

At the entrance of the Fauxbourg St. Honoré, I saw wrote up, *lodgings to let*; asked for the landlord, told him that we were just arrived from Calais by the stage, were going to settle at Versailles, but wanted a little apartment in Paris, where we might occasionally come, either about business or through curiosity. The man shewed us his apartments; we looked them all over, found one to our liking, hired it, and I paid him a fortnight

in advance. He asked me for my name, that he might set it down in his book; I gave him the first that occurred. Then he wanted to know where we had left our portmanteau; to which I replied, it was at a friend's house with whom we were to sup that night; that I should bring it home in the evening, and that the next day I would go to the coach-office for my trunks. He believed me, bowed to us, and went away.

The first thing I did when we were left alone, was to destroy Abell's letters, on account of their indicating the place where our little fortune was deposited. If an unforeseen accident should happen, and we were arrested, they certainly would dispossess us of that last resource: I thought it wise to be upon my guard.

I sent for a bit of something, and we dined with great tranquillity. In six hours time we were to leave Paris: we enjoyed the sweets of perfect security.

The clock struck seven. "It will soon be "dark," said I to Juliet, "and then we will "go out. A diligence, my dear, is a disa-"greeable conveyance, you are often ex-

" posed to hear such discourse as you don't
" like: and such as would please me is not
" to be spoken. How tedious besides,
" to travel four long days, without being
" left alone one single moment. . . . . . Oh!
" how severe for those who love like us! . . .
" Is not that Temple of Mystery which I
" proposed to erect, is it not wherever you
" and I are together? Is there any corner of
" the universe where the God whom we serve
" does not welcome our homage? Is there
" one single corner of the universe but where
" happiness may be found?"—We found it in that same room, which we occupied for a few hours only. Alas! it was for the last time; and we were far from suspecting it.

We arrived at the coach-office. Our fellow-travellers were already collected; already had every one produced his receipt*; the horses were brought into the yard ......a young clerk passed by me, pushed me with his elbow, and gave me a significant look: I followed him into the warehouse. " Is not your

* Given to persons who took places in any of the stages.

" name l'Heureux ?" said he to me.—" It is,
" replied I."—" Well, then hasten and make
" your escape; if not, you will be arrested.
" An inspector of the police was here in the
" afternoon, in company with a priest, to
" examine the books in which we set down
" the names of travellers; and I perceived
" that at yours he stopped with a malicious
" grin."—

I returned to join Juliet, pulled her by the gown, and whispered to her: " We must " make haste and quit this place."—The very same instant the Curé made his appearance, followed by at least twenty fellows almost as vile as himself, and pointing out to Juliet: " that, said he, is the woman who " wants to disobey the respectable orders of " government; and that, pointing to me, is " the man who has debauched her, and " abused the worthy ecclesiastics who en- " deavour to rescue her from perdition, and " restore her to the paths of virtue."

I seized him by the throat, and was going to strangle him, but was prevented: the ruffians rushed upon me: I was remarkably strong, I knocked two or three of them

down,

down, and got into the yard: Juliet had been forced into a coach, I threw the coachman from his seat, and opened the coach-door. I caught Juliet by the hand; her cries increased my strength, and, notwithstanding the superior number of my opponents, I hoped I could rescue her a second time; but they seized me by the hair of my head, and brought me down on the pavement: two of them held me by my arms and legs, and yet could hardly overpower me.

The coach that contained all that was dear to me, and till then had attached me to life, drove off; I fell in a violent rage, which at last deprived me of my senses. When I recovered, I found myself in the power of my oppressors, in a guard-house, and watched very close, on account of their having opened the window to give a little air.

A sudden thought struck me, and I determined to feign resignation —"Juliet," said I to myself, "has no hopes left but in me; "they must have carried her to the English

"Benedictine nuns, and I will release her: "but I must conquer my passion, and not "prolong my detention by useless violence." I affected great moderation, and spoke mildly to my guards, which induced them to shew me some regard, although it did not lessen their vigilance. I searched my pockets for a snuff-box, which I never possessed, complained of having lost it, and desired one of the soldiers to go and buy me some snuff, and another box.

The inspector had no orders to detain me. He was afraid of exposing himself if he should send me to prison; yet would not set me at liberty, and was gone to the office of the police for farther instructions.

The soldier returned with a box and some snuff. I sat facing the window between two of the guards, who were observing all my motions. I took a few pinches of snuff out of the paper; and, whilst speaking, very deliberately seemed to empty the snuff into the box, but in reality kept it in my hands. I rose suddenly, and discharged the whole into the eyes of the guards They roared and

kicked about, their comrades approached from the extremity of the guard-house, but I had already jumped out of the window. The centinel wanting to stop me, I snatched his fire-lock from his hands, knocked him down with the but end, threw it after him, and in the twinkling of an eye, arrived at the Place-des-Victoires. I ran all the way down the Rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs, stopped a moment near the Barrière-des-Sergens, and walked slowly up the Rue St. Honoré.

I went to my ready-furnished lodgings and locked myself in. There I reflected upon my misfortune . . . there I became more and more sensible of all its extent. I looked around me; but, alas! . . . I was alone. . . . A few hours before. . . . I stretched my arms, my eyes were fixed, my breast was swelled; I called for Juliet; . . . she did not answer my woeful cries!—I imagined I saw her amidst a set of women whom slander had prejudiced against her, who would detest, condemn and persecute my virtuous beloved. Methought I heard the bolts and rusty hinges of the doors that were shut upon her: I heard her, sob-

bing, invoking heaven, nature, and her lover. —The insensible walls, and brazen hearts, rejected her lamentations: the doors were never to open again. There she was going to suffer for having a doating heart; there she would cease being a mother before she had embraced her infant; there a sacrilegious priest would lie to honour, to himself, to his God, use artifice, seduction, perhaps violence. . . . "Oh, my God! how they blaspheme thee! how they degrade thee! "Canst thou permit it! if thou art the God "of Virtue?"—I was not able to bear any longer the ideas which tortured me. I armed myself with a cudgel, and went straight to the convent of the English Benedictines. I projected to jump over the garden walls, to search, to call for, to find out Juliet, to lay hold of her, and to carry her away. Whoever should endeavour to oppose me, I devoted to vengeance and death. I walked very fast, was drawing near the convent, and I felt my teeth grinding, my arms stiffening: my veins extended were ready to burst; I was enraged with hatred, love, and despair.

The wall was nearly twelve feet high: nevertheless, with the aid of my stick, I got over it, and jumped into the garden. A most terrible dog rushed upon me; I thrust my arm into his body, and tore his very entrails. I went round the garden and buildings, but could neither see nor hear any thing. I sat down on a stone bench to compose myself a little, and think of what I must do. It was not certain Juliet was in that convent; and, even if she were, I knew not in what part she was confined. If I was to penetrate as far as her retreat, could she follow me over those high walls in her present condition? She was very much advanced in her pregnancy; I might kill my child, and perhaps its mother. I shuddered, and arose. I walked dejected towards the place at which I had made my entrance, ascended the espaliers, and, when I had reached the top of the wall, I let myself down gently into the street. Two men, who passed by, called out to the watch. I commanded them to be silent in a resolute tone, and they held their tongues. They appeared willing to follow me; I bade them go down

a street on the right hand; they hesitated at first, but I brandished my cudgel, and then they obeyed. I returned to the Fauxbourg St. Honoré without any farther accident, and met a few patroles who had nothing to say to me. It was four o'clock in the morning when I re-entered my room: I threw myself on the floor, and waited for day.

CHAP. III.

SORROWS AND CONSOLATIONS.

THERE are very few men who have not undergone the vicissitudes of fortune. Some are overpowered by the slightest accidents, sink into discouragement, suffer, and lament. Others struggle against the most grievous calamities, with undaunted fortitude, and unconquerable constancy; though bending under the weight of wretchedness, they dare to brave fortune, that persecutes them; they oppose and subdue her; nay, fortune blushes at having mistaken them. I was one amongst the small number of the latter.

"I must leave to women and children," said I, "sighs, lamentations, and bemoan-"ings, which signify nothing. It becomes "a man to act, and not to weep. Captive "Juliet waits for my assistance; she knows "me, she expects me, nor shall she be "deceived."

I was of an ardent disposition, brave, courageous, impetuous, obstinate in my projects, incapable of yielding to obstacles, and disposed to undertake any thing, if brought to a last shift; but yet I was sensible that I might ruin myself by using too much precipitation.—I silenced my heart, and listened only to prudence.—I did not think it possible to release Juliet from her prison, till she was brought to bed, and entirely recovered. But it was necessary I should support her courage, by informing her that I was at liberty, and that all my thoughts were directed towards procuring hers. It was also necessary I should be apprized of the time of her delivery, to prevent a child, who already engrossed my tenderest affections, from being confounded with the offspring of misery and debauchery, in one of those hospitals where I could neither know nor claim him as mine: I must establish intelligence in the convent, which was not very easy to be done; however, I retained some hopes of succeeding.

I began first to provide for my own security. I hired a small ready furnished house

at Courbevoie, pretending to be an Englishman of a declining constitution, who had been prescribed to take the country air. I looked so pale and wan, from the fatigue and agonies of the night, that the story bore the appearance of truth. It may be easily believed that I renounced the good offices of mother Jacquot; she was too partial to her Curé; I could retain no partiality to her. I hired a woman of the most inquisitive and gossiping disposition; so that the next day, young and old were all informed that there lived in Courbevoie, an Englishman in bad health, who was permitted to eat such and such things only, and had been recommended to take a deal of exercise: and that was what I wanted.

I lived near enough Paris to walk there in a very short time; and yet far enough to apprehend nothing from the spies of the police. I began to reflect on the means of informing Juliet what situation I was in. All those that occurred appeared to me equally dangerous. If the superior was only to suspect my measures, then Juliet would be kept more

confined, perhaps removed to another convent, which would render my researches and projects abortive. I was conscious of the impossibility of going myself; none but a woman could penetrate into the convent, under some pretext or other, return there often, form connections, discover Juliet; deliver my letters, and bring me her's. Now, this same woman must be devoted to me either through affection or interest; she must be insinuating, prudent, discreet, and possessed of natural abilities. Where was a person of that description to be found? How should I venture to entrust several persons with my secret successively, none of which, perhaps, would be endowed with the quafications I wished for; but, most likely, every one of them incapable of keeping a secret.

I had been thinking upon the subject for half a day, but to no purpose. The present conjuncture frightened me; the future offered no great comfort; and I endeavoured to remove the painful ideas, by recalling to my mind past events, upon which my heart and

mind dwelt with pleasing complacency. "Love," said I, "that pierced us with the "same dart, long before we knew what love "was; those marks of tenderest affection "shewn unintentionally, and so deeply heart-"felt; those first motions of involuntary "jealousy, when she perceived me reading "by the side of Fanchon. . . . Fanchon! "Fanchon!.... she is young and handsome, "she cannot be a bigot. She is lively, she "is a woman, she cannot be deficient in "invention and skill. She used to shew me "some friendship; a few presents will revive "her former sentiments. I must go to Fan-"chon."

During this soliloquy, my housekeeper brought up my goat's milk, which I was to take every morning, and required a very long walk. I drank my milk, and set out for my morning excursion. I thought it would have been imprudent to advance as far as the Hôtel des My Lords, and, consequently, stopped facing the Passage-des-Petits-Peres, looked about, but did not see Fanchon. I perceived two or three young shoe-blacks, put my foot

on one of their stools, and, whilst the boy was brushing, spoke indifferently to him about the Palais-Royal, Place-des-Victoires, and, lastly, of a young stocking-mender, whom I had formerly noticed in the Passage, but was no longer there.—" Ah, Sir," returned he, " she was too handsome not to make her " fortune : her tub was exchanged for a " mercer's shop, where she does very well." —" Ah ! and where is that shop ?"—" Rue " du Mail."—I went to the Rue du Mail; entered every mercer's shop ; bought a ribband at one, a pair of gloves at another, and at last I found Fanchon's shop. She recollected me instantly, and seemed very glad to see me again. She reproached me, however, with having neglected her ; bewailed my lord's unfortunate death, and asked a number of questions about his daughter, which I answered as I chose.—I wanted to sound and prepare her before I opened the business that brought me. I congratulated her upon her better circumstances, and asked her in my turn whether she was married ? she cast down her eyes when she answered me in the nega-

tive; and I concluded that she had followed the example of many others. Poverty and a pretty face are two very dangerous enemies!

After having discoursed for some time upon indifferent topics, I gave our conversation a more sentimental turn. I observed Fanchon; she displayed great feelings, which I looked upon as a good omen. I ventured to let out a few words expressive of the painful sensations that affected me: she looked full in my face, . . . she dropt a tear, . . . and addressed me thus.—"You neglected me when "you was in affluence; you return to me "now that you are in distress; you will find "no alteration in me. Tell me candidly "from what motive you have searched after "me, and what good I can do you?"—I had not mentioned a word about searching after her; neither had I solicited her good offices; her penetration charmed me. Fanchon was the very woman I wanted.

I related every circumstance of my passion, happiness, and the accident that had befallen me. She smiled at some of my descriptions, shrugged her shoulders at mother Jacquot's

foolishness; and I could see her eyes fire when I described the lubricity, hypocrisy, and treachery of the Curé: I watched her motions, and discovered that her soul underwent successively the various affections I was desirous of inspiring her with. I hesitated no longer to unbosom myself: I told her that I could not live without Juliet; that I wished to release her, aud should undoubtedly succeed; but that I could not have one moment's rest till Juliet was informed of my intentions, and that the hopes of realizing my plan were my only support.—"I will go to "the convent," said Fanchon, "and I am "certain they will let me in."—"How will "you manage it?"—"Make yourself easy "on that score. Men know of nothing but "strength; we women understand cunning." —She took a band-box and filled it with gloves, fans, and ribbands.—"You must stay "here," said she, "and wait for me. In your "situation you will find the time tedious, "but I will return as quick as possible."—She locked the door of the shop, took the key in her pocket, and made towards the convent.

When she was gone, I thought of my lord's former friends. I had kept from them for fear of losing Juliet: now I resolved to visit them, and hoped they might assist in restoring my Juliet. Madame d'Alleville was a woman of severe principles; but at the bottom she was of a kind and indulging temper. I doubted not but that all good hearted people would feel for me a similar interest to to that I had just inspired Fanchon; I flattered myself she would not refuse me her good offices with the minister; and if she succeeded, all our miseries were at an end. This plan I thought far preferable to an elopement, notwithstanding which, the lettre-de-cachet would still exist, and consequently expose us to continual apprehensions. I was therefore determined to see Madame d'Alleville in the course of the day.

Fanchon had been gone at least three hours. I had been pondering over serious reflections. I had walked round the shop a hundred times.—I had been reading all the little bills on the band-boxes—looked out of the window—peeped through the key-hole.—My

patience was nearly exhausted, when she opened the door.—" Well!" said I.—" Your " business goes on very well."—" Did you " speak to her?"—" No."—" You have seen " her, though?"—" No."—" What have you " done then? answer me, pray do answer " me."—" I will tell you the whole. First, " I rang the bell, and the portress let me in. " Now this portress is not a lay sister, but, as " is the custom in some convents, a trusty " agent, who goes about to manage the busi-" ness of the community. I told her a story " which I had composed on the way: that " the goods I had in my band-box belonged " to a shop-keeper who was short of cash, " wanted to raise some money directly, and " would sell almost at any price: he had " recommended me to go in preference to " the convents, which, on account of the " many boarders, offered means of a speedy " sale; and that from the reputation of the " English Benedictines, I had called upon " them first. The portress examined very " attentively my gloves, fans, and ribbands: " I requested she would make a choice, and

" accept in advance of that small token
" of my gratitude. She readily consented,
" without scruple or ceremony, and went
" went to announce me to the superior.
" I was introduced into a large garden, where
" I was immediately surrounded by thirty or
" forty of the young boarders. I charged
" them only half what the things were
" worth, and in five minutes time my box
" was emptied. The superior, a tall, old,
" thin and peevish woman, asked me if I
" had nothing else to sell? I answered, I
" had a vast many other articles at home,
" and that I would bring them with me if
" she chose. Some of the young ladies, when
" I had nothing left to buy, seemed to be
" displeased, and begged very earnestly I
" would call between three and four, which
" is the time of their recreation: I promised
" I should; and, whilst answering one and
" the other, I turned on all sides, and my
" looks glanced over the different parts of the
" building, doors, and windows, but could not
" see Madam, whom I should certainly have

"known again. When I went out, the "portress loaded me with civilities, and I "discovered that she was very fond of a "little chat."

"For God's sake," interrupted I, "out "with it: thus far I don't perceive I have so "much occasion to congratulate myself."—"You shall have it then," continued Fanchon. "Instead of waiting till three o'clock, I will "go to the convent at two. The young "ladies will then be in school; as I come "a great way, I shall not be suffered to re-"turn, but receive an invitation to take a "chair; and you know, that two women "do not sit a whole hour facing each other "without chattering. Then I hope to make "something of the portress, and to get all "out of her."—I kissed Fanchon heartily: I gave her ten louis as an atonement for the losses she had already sustained on my account, and those I should occasion another time. She accepted them with a lively, frank countenance, and put them in her little purse.

I imparted my design of paying a visit to Madame d'Alleville; Fanchon highly approved of it and engaged me not to delay:—there was no occasion to press me.

"Harkee," said she, "it is twelve o'clock; "I must take to my heels at a quarter after "one; and as you will wish to know the result "of my second voyage, you must not return to "Courbevoie to-night. Eat a bit of dinner "with me—whilst I am gone to the convent "you shall go to Madame d'Alleville's."—I accepted her dinner with as much good grace as she had my money, and we sat down at table.

"The improvement in my situation," said she, "must appear rather strange to you; I "will inform you briefly how it happened to "take place. I hate debauchery, but I must "confess I love to live at ease. Some young "men, whom I liked well enough, had nothing to offer me but to share in their "heart and honest poverty,—that was not "very tempting. An elderly batchelor, for "whom I had worked some time, took it

"into his head to think I was handsome, "and he made his overtures, which at first I "rejected with all the candour of true innocence. He spoke to me of lawn, lace, furniture, and a shop; to those propositions I "listened; he became pressing, and I surrendered. He is not the man I would have "fixed upon if I had had my own choice, "but it is seldom a woman's lot to dispose of her own heart as she likes; her "first inclination depends much upon circumstances. However, I do not repent of "the step I have taken; the man is honest, "of a mild temper, and a generous disposition; and I am faithful to him through "reason and gratitude; he is at present gone "into the country, which I am not sorry "for, as he is rather inclined to jealousy, the "only fault I ever discovered in him; but "he will not return these two months, and "at that time you will have no farther occasion for my services."

Those details I did not like much; honest love elevates the soul, whereas the love of *calculation* degrades it. A woman may be

weak without forfeiting our esteem; she who makes a bargain of herself is ever mean and contemptible. I did not tell Fanchon so; it was my interest not to affront her, so that I neither blamed nor approved of her conduct.

After dinner we filled a second bandbox with the choicest pretty articles in the shop. Fanchon took her way to the convent, and I went to Madame d'Alleville's.

Madame d'Alleville had been prejudiced against me: I judged that Mr. Abell, senior, had ruined me in the opinion of all persons over whom he had any influence; I met with a very cold reception. It was true I had promised to call upon Mr. Abell again and had never returned; Miss Tillmouth had not been found, and all the reports agreed with respect to her escape, and my having favoured her evasion: the rest might easily be guessed at. Young Abell had kept the most inviolable secrecy with regard to our affairs, and Madame d'Alleville continued undeceived: she upbraided me for my conduct very bitterly: I related all that had passed

with a tone of candour and verity which are never but imperfectly imitated; however, her bad opinion of me somewhat abated, but she could never forgive Juliet. Madame d'Alleville had projected a most advantageous marriage, she had removed all difficulties, and Miss Tillmouth had destroyed all the fruits she expected to reap from her labour, and thus had exposed her in the opinion of Messrs. Abell; she was piqued, her vanity was hurt, and no longer suffered her to follow the dictates of a good heart. She pretended she had some visits to pay; I understood her meaning and left her.

I was not discouraged at the reception, although the very reverse to what I expected. I would have braved a thousand deaths to accelerate, even by a quarter of an hour, the release of Juliet, and went to Mr. de Cervière's, the magistrate whom I had met with at Madame d'Alleville's. He was a man of solid reflections, and the rights of nature were not to be overbalanced in his mind by ridiculous scruples: he very unfortunately was confined to his bed, and could not see me.

His secretary informed me that he was in love with Miss d'Herouville, a young lady of great merit.—" She has but one single " brother," added he, " who is a colonel of " dragoons, a handsome well made man, and " a great favourite among all the ladies at " court; so that it had been decided that a " sister must not prove an obstacle to his " promotion and fortune; a convent, where " she should be forced to make her vows, " was the lot that awaited her. As long " as she lived in a state of indifference " she was resigned, but becoming attached " to Mr. de Cervière she dared to resist; " she spoke to her father with respect, but at " the same time with great firmness, which " caused her ruin. Mr. d'Herouville has- " tened to prevent the consequences of an " inclination which threatened to bar his " projects, and, as it is prudent to foresee " every thing, he makes an absolute secret of " the convent in which his daughter is con- " fined. A man of Mr. de Cervière's dispo- " sition could not be an ordinary lover, and

" the loss he has suffered has affected him " beyond all expression; his health is very " much impaired, and some poignant secret " pain seems to aggravate the sorrows of his " unhappy passion. For some days back his " state of health is become very alarming, " and unless he takes a firm resolution to " combat and surmount his passion we shall " lose that worthy character."—I was moved by the recital, but was too deeply affected with my own miseries to think long of any other object than Juliet: I soon forgot Mr. de Cervière and Miss d'Herouville, and returned to Fanchon. I was now reduced to employ my own force with no other aid but that of my sole industry.

Fanchon was just come home too. She ran to meet me with an air of pleasing eagerness and satisfaction.—" Be happy," said she to me, " I have brought you positive news " this time; I'll shut the door, we will sit " down, and you shall hear what I have " to say."—" Well, I will listen . . . I do . . . " Quick, quick, my dear Fanchon . . . speak " then, why won't you speak?"—" The

" portress has answered my expectation perfectly well."—" How lucky!"—" I pretended to be quite ignorant of the most ordinary customs of a monastic life, and she was very eager to inform me of things which I knew almost as well as herself. The nuns, the boarders, the director, the offices, the syrups, the sweetmeats, and sugar plumbs, were all passed in review, and I should not have been able to restrain from laughing at her solemn air, whilst speaking of all those nonsensical things, only that I was afraid of losing one syllable."—" Go on, go on."—" She only mentioned such things as interested me not, and was silent upon such as I most wished to be made acquainted with. She had given me at full length the interior and exterior description of the church, the main building, and the wings; she had not omited in her narration, a wax-taper, an arm-chair, or a kneeling-desk. She came at last to speak of an insulated pavilion, which stood at the remotest end of the garden, as I had noticed in the morn-

" ing, but with so much reserve that my
" curiosity was piqued."—" To the fact,
" pray—well, the pavilion!"—" She longed
" to tell me more about it; I longed to hear
" her; but I was well aware, at the same
" time, not to interrogate her: one single
" imprudent question might have given rise
" to her suspicions."—" Well!"—" In fine,
" as she perceived that I was silent, she was
" instantly determined to say more. You
" would never guess, said she, what that pa-
" vilion is!—Is, said I, that I don't care about,
" I assure you. Perhaps it may be a prison.
" . . .—Yes, it is a prison. . . .—Where cer-
" tain nuns are confined, I suppose? . . .—
" Nothing like it: those that are there con-
" fined are not nuns. Our ladies discharge
" their duty with the utmost exactness. But
" could you believe, that girls of a good
" family, who take the veil to enjoy the
" sweets of life and ensure their salvation,
" are made jailors of?—That can't be.—
" It is though. Why, no later than two
" days ago, they brought here a young
" lady, whom the Curé of St. Etienne-du-

" Mont is going to direct; and, by the bye, " she bears a very bad character.—What " signifies her character?—Oh! as for that, " our ladies don't mind it much; but what " they do care for is, to have the charge of " her. Do you know, that they are answer- " able in person for their prisoners?—And " what then? they very likely take their " precautions, and the pavilion is secure.— " Oh! yes, quite secure. The windows are " grated, there are double bars; but yet " they have some apprehensions; not indeed " without pretty good reason; for, yesterday, " between two and three o'clock in the morn- " ing, a man got over the walls of the garden. " —Indeed!—Aye! only think, he has killed " our dog, that was strong enough to strangle " a bull. But, in future, we shall have two " lay-sisters upon watch every night; and " the gardener, with a double barrel gun, " is to lay in the green-house, that is close " to the wall on the street side.—Lord! what " would you have strangers do in your " garden? steal some fruit or vegetables?— " Run away with the women, my dear.

"Monsieur le Curé de St. Etienne-du-Mont "has told Madame the Superior, that he "suspected him who had killed the dog to be "the same bad man who had ruined the "young lady in the pavilion. But the police "are at his heels, and they will put him in a "dark hole, I warrant ye.—And they will "be right, my dear."

"So then, she is exposed to the persecu-"tions of that infamous priest," said I, interrupting Fanchon: "ah! I had a foresight "of it. Death to the perfidious villain, "death to the agents of the police, death to "myself, if I do not succeed in releasing "Juliet from that infernal prison."

"I did not think," replied Fanchon, "I "was to conceal these particulars from you; "for, although they are afflicting, yet they "my serve to regulate your conduct.

"I entered the garden, and, whilst I was "disposing of my merchandize, kept one "eye on the band-box, and fixed the other "upon the windows of the pavilion, where "I could not see any body. Among the young "ladies, I noticed a tall one, with light-

" coloured hair, pale complexion, languid
" looks, inanimate countenance, and, in all
" probability, a sensible heart: for all these
" keep generally together. I asked the go-
" verness, who seemed to watch me close,
" whether the ladies did not sell their own
" work, and proposed to dispose of it to ad-
" vantage.—I will go and ask the superior
" about it, replied she, and away she
" trudged.—I then approached the tall light-
" coloured hair young lady, and, whilst I
" made her examine the embroidered clocks
" of a pair of silk stockings, took her aside
" three or four paces from the group, and thus
" addressed her: That you love I am certain;
" and there is a victim of love in that pavilion
" to whom you may render most essential ser-
" vice. Inform her that her lover is at liberty,
" and that she will soon be set free herself.—
" His name? said she.—L'Heureux, replied I.
" —She then walked at some distance, hum-
" ming a tune; and I returned to my band-
" box. The kind, beautiful, and sensible
" fair one, sang louder and louder in propor-
" tion as she drew nearer the pavilion; the

" louder she sang, the lower I bated my arti-
" cles; the more my little customers were
" engaged in buying, the less did they think
" of noticing what my fair beauty was about.

" The governess returned with a few pairs
" of ruffles and some embroidered handker-
" chiefs. The work was but very indiffer-
" ent, yet I said it was admirable. As I was
" a stranger in the house, I left the value of
" the goods, and was preparing to retire.
" My charming messenger came back loung-
" ing by me with apparent indifference.—
" I am sorry, said she, you won't let me have
" your silk stockings; I like them very
" much.—She took them out of the box,
" opened them, and examined them anew.—
" So then, you will not let me have them?
" —Upon my honour, Miss, I cannot.—She
" rolled them, and, when she returned them,
" squeezed my hand.—She might have saved
" herself that trouble; I had guessed already
" what she had been doing. I pocketed the
" stockings, took my leave, and here I am."

" I hope that at last you will unravel to me
" the meaning of those stockings, and the

"squeezing of your hand," said I to Fanchon.—"What dull creatures you men are," replied she, "and how easily you are imposed "upon! Can't you guess?"—"No, I can't; "explain yourself."—"The stockings must "contain a note from the fair lady, or very "possibly from Juliet herself."—"Have you "read it?"—"I have not yet looked at it; "but it must be so."—"The stockings, pro- "duce the stockings, cried I... give me the "stockings then! you ought to have begun "your narration by the stockings."—My hand was in search of her pocket; I found it, I searched it, and Fanchon did not offer to hinder me. I took out the precious stockings, opened them, a small scrap of paper fell out, and I picked it up...—"it is her own hand- "writing," exclaimed I, "it.... it comes "from Juliet;" and I kissed the paper, I kissed Fanchon; I could have kissed the tall fair one, the portress, the whole universe.— "Read it then," said Fanchon; and I read: *Love for life. Courage and fortitude, but prudence above all things.*—"That is all "I wanted," cried I, in a transport of

joy; "She knows it is to me she has been "writing; and that her note has reached me: "she is easy in her mind, and so shall I be "myself."—And, to shew my tranquillity, I jumped about, took Fanchon by the hand, let it go, read the note over again, and returned to Fanchon, who sat laughing heartily. My fit ceased at last; I grew calm, and Fanchon ceased her laughing.

"To-morrow," said I, "you must return "to the convent. I will give you a letter "for Juliet; you will deliver it to your beau-"tiful fair one, and the day after you "shall go and fetch an answer."—"No, Mr. "l'Heureux, I shall not return to the con-"vent to-morrow. I will follow Madam's "instructions. She recommends prudence, "and you are not prudent, not at all, Sir. I "must have time to dispose of the good nuns "work, before I can make my appearance in "the convent again: besides, I have emptied "the boarders' purses, and the least thing I "can do is to afford them time enough to "get a fresh stock. Moreover, I don't wish

" to be seen too often. Suspicions are asleep, " let us be aware of awaking them.

" Let us speak rationally," continued she, " and recapitulate what I have said, and what " you have already forgot. The Curé is " in pursuit of you."—" I shall kill him."— " The gardener has a double-barrell'd gun." —" I shall disarm him."—" The lay-sisters " keep watch."—" I shall frighten them."— " There are double doors."—" I shall break " them open."—" You will be overheard." —" I don't care."—" You will be attacked." —" I can fight."—" They will imprison " you."—" I shall make my escape."—" You " are mad."—" I am in love,"—" That's " exactly what I meant."

She represented the different obstacles which impeded the execution of my project with so much earnestness and verity, that I was terrified for a moment: but I was full of great ideas, and my fiery imagination brought me back to those grates and bolts that separated me from Juliet, and I swore to break them open at any price. I had already some

knowledge of the place; I knew where the pavilion stood: that was a great deal, in my opinion. Fanchon was in her cool senses; she was to aid me with her advice; and I was assured that, between us both, we should find the means of conquering all obstacles. It was late. I prepared to return to Courbevoie.

Fanchon stopped me. "What a man you "are!" said she; "have not I been telling "you, that you was sought for every where? "Do you think that the Curé is unacquainted "with your enterprising disposition, and that "he will not be as diligent to keep you at a "distance from Madam, as you are impa-"tient to join her. Is not he to be revenged "for the bastinado you have bestowed upon "him? Can you imagine that a priest would "lay idle, when tormented by love and ven-"geance? why, child, you could hardly "expect more from a man of the world."— "I am safe at Courbevoie."—"Yes, you are; "but I cannot continually go and bring you "here, to settle the plan of your campaign: "you are under the necessity of coming to Pa-

"ris every day; now, all this going backwards "and forwards may become fatal some time "or other."—"What must I do then?"— "Stop here; they won't come and arrest "you in my house."—"You have but one "bed."—"A fine difficulty, indeed! have "not you got money? we can easily procure "a second. Besides, in what manner do you "think of disposing of Madam, in case "you have the good fortune to set her at "liberty? Will you have her walk to Cour-"bevoie, when but just delivered? there is "not even common sense in the thought of "it. Besides, again, I am left alone, and I "don't like it; solitude will bring my ima-"gination into a ferment, which is rather "dangerous. You will talk to me of your "passion; I shall listen to you, and it will "be entertaining for us both. Stop here, "Sir, stop with me; you cannot do better."

There was no hesitating upon Fanchon's obliging proposal, and I readily consented. We agreed that I should sit for that night in a large arm chair; that the next day a bed

should be bought for me, and that the expences of our living should be divided betwixt us.—I regretted having paid six months rent in advance; but Fanchon had always a reply at hand; she observed, that money was intended to roll; and I thought no more about it.

CHAP. IV.

FAULTS—REPENTANCE.

FANCHON awoke me with loud laughter. I stretched my arms, rubbed my eyes, yawned, and asked what was the occasion of her merriment? "I laugh," answered she, "at a young man and a young girl, who "sleep very quietly at two yards distance; "one lying in her bed, and the other seated "in an arm-chair. What a good example "for the youth of the age. I'faith, if we "were to publish it, it would not be cre-"dited."—Whilst dressing herself behind her curtains, she told me a hundred stories, each more pleasant than the other. When she had finished, she enquired if I had any linen? "Alas!" replied I, "what I have "upon my back constitutes the whole of my "wardrobe."—"Poor fellow! no linen," re-

turned she; "well, I'll give you some." I suspected to whom that linen, which she so generously offered, belonged; I was hurt at the idea, and declined.—"I don't like to "borrow wearing apparel," said I; "you "will do me service if you can buy some for "me."—"So I will; after breakfast, though. "Does the gentleman like *caffé à la crême?*" —"Very much."—"The gentleman shall "have some, then." And she went out in her slippers and short under petticoat to fetch some cream.

Fanchon, at that time, was four-and-twenty. She was tall, well made, handsome, and an extreme coquetry pierced the elegant plainness of her dress. She spoke a great deal, and her sprightly giddiness gave an original turn to her discourse. She often laughed, and displayed the finest teeth in the world. She despised decorum, hated restraint, idolized pleasure, and enjoyed the present, without troubling her head about futurity. However, she was good natured, sensible, and generous, as most of the frail part of the sex.

I thought myself very fortunate in having met with her. Her active and provident friendship supplied my thoughtfulness; her inexhaustible gaiety insensibly dispersed the gloom that besieged me. We were no less merry at breakfast than we had been before. As soon as Fanchon had finished her toast and coffee, she drew nearer to me, slipt her pretty white hand into my waistcoat pocket, and drew out my purse.—"Let me see, Sir, "the state of your finances."—"Well, "prithee see, Miss."—"Thirty louis. Let us "reckon. Ten louis for clothes and linen, "and fifteen louis for a single man's bed; "where, however, you may sleep with Ma-"dam, in case you keep close to her, which "I suppose you have no objection to—and "there will remain five louis for daily and "extraordinary expences. A place to be "besieged, and, probably, engines to be "erected.... One can't expect to go a great "way either in war or love affairs with five "louis. I believe it will be very proper you "should go and pay a visit to your banker

"this evening." And she left me to go and buy some linen.

I began to reflect seriously on the dispositions that might ensure the success of my undertaking. I took a pen and ink, in order to class and retain my ideas. The cups, coffee-pot, and sugar dish, were left upon the table, so that I sat upon Fanchon's bed.

I entertained not the least uneasiness about the manner in which I should get into the garden; I only wanted, what I had the first time, a good stick six feet long, and my knife. I was to place the stick erect, close to the wall, and to thrust the knife between two stones; with my foot upon the handle of the knife, supporting myself upon the stick, I was to ascend; then I might grasp the uneven stones, decayed by length of time, place my other foot upon the end of the stick, and take a spring: in this position, my hands would reach the top of the wall, raise my whole body, and I might easily jump into the garden. Juliet, with my aid, could easily climb up the espaliers; but how was she to come down? the expedient of the

stick might be dangerous for a woman in a state of weakness, and unaccustomed to violent exercise. I reflected again, and wrote down:

An iron hook, wide enough to embrace the thickness of the wall.
A rope-ladder.
A stick six feet long.

"I can put the ladder," said I, "in one of "my pockets, the hook in the other, and "carry the stick upon my shoulders. When "I arrive at the foot of the wall, I will fix "my ladder to the ring at the extremity of "the hook. With a bit of strong packthread "I will tie one of the ends of my stick to "the right part of the hook; then seize the "other end of the stick, lift up my arm, and "easily place the hook on the top of the "wall; so that my ladder will be fixed. "Thus I climb, look about, and discover the "green-house, where the gardener sleeps; "I descend, and hoist up the ladder, by seiz- "ing the bottom end of the stick, which I "carry to the greatest distance possible from

" the green-house. Then I climb again, " cross the wall, take the ladder inside of the " garden, come down, hoist up the ladder " again, and lay it among the vegetables, for " fear the gardener or some of the nuns " should perceive it, and cut off my retreat: " I listen, hear nothing, and advance to- " wards the pavilion. So far all goes won- " derfully well.

" Now I am come to the pavilion, which " is locked: let us first use gentle means." —and I wrote in my memorandum book:

A dark lantern.

Hooks to unlock the doors.

Pincers, to draw the nails from such locks as the hooks cannot break open.

A smooth file, in case I could not otherwise penetrate into the pavilion.

If this last circumstance was to happen, I proposed, by the assistance of my ladder, to reach one of the windows; to file a bar or two; to penetrate into the pavilion; to make a great noise, in order to draw the lay-sisters upon watch that way; to take the keys from

them; to lock them up in one of the rooms, to search for that where Juliet was confined, unlock the door, and carry her off.

In case gentle means should not prove successful, if I was overheard by the gardener, or lay-sisters, or that I apprehended they would spread the alarm all over the house; then I meant to employ more vigorous measures, and I wrote down:

A brace of double barrelled pistols.
New ropes.
Two gags.
A steel, a flint, some tinder and matches.

The pistols and ropes were intended for the gardener: the two gags for the nuns: the tinder and matches to set the house on fire, and carry Juliet away in the confusion, if I could not succeed by any other means. Lastly, I wrote down the following note:

"At all events, the best plan is to march "straight to the green-house. If it be shut, "I can break one of the panes, and present "my dark lantern and the mouth of my "pistol to the gardener, and threaten to

"blow his brains out, if he should offer to
"lay hold of his gun, and not open the
"door directly. He will open. I shall then
"order him to bed again, which no doubt
"he will do; then I shall bind him tight to
"his bedstead, and forbid him to cry out
"under pain of instant death: then I shall
"seize his gun and throw it into some cor-
"ner of the garden."

I was pretty well satisfied with these general dispositions, when a sudden reflection plunged me into great inquietude. If I went to a locksmith's to buy hooks and smooth files, I was in danger of being arrested. It might be possible, however, to procure them at some old iron shop; but, perhaps, they would not be fit for use, or the shopkeeper might not like to expose them for sale. I instantly removed the embarrassment.—"I
"will buy some pieces of iron," said I, "a
"hammer, and some coals, and, either good
"or bad, I shall make my hooks. In lieu of
"the file, I will have an iron crow, and, in-
"stead of filing the bars, I will demolish the
"stones in which they are fixed."

In anticipating the blessed day, success crowned my endeavours, the detested grates were destroyed, I entered Juliet's room.—"It is your husband, your deliverer," said I, and her sweet black eyes were turned towards me, her heart panted with pleasure, her arms were open to receive me, and, in imagination, I was happy again.

Fanchon returned with a bundle.—"I have "no obstacles to fear," continued I, in the intoxication of my delightful error; "I shall "conquer them all, and Juliet is restored to "me. Come, come, and sit down by me; "listen, read, admire!"

Fanchon obeyed the first summons. She ran, she flew, and behold her close to me, seated upon her bed. My seducing ideas had already exalted my fancy; I spoke and grew enraptured; my imagination magnetised my senses; my delirium increased; the illusion was complete; I thought I held my beloved Juliet, and I pressed Fanchon in my arms: it was Fanchon's charms that I wandered over, that I devoured; she, in her turn

grew animated and inflamed; she forgot herself in my arms.... Alas! I was unfaithful, but even my infidelity was an homage to love!

If Fanchon had seduced me, I should have hated her from that very moment. Nature, Nature alone had led us astray. The mother of pleasure is also the mother of remorse. The reflections I suffered were killing.—"I have sworn to live for her alone," exclaimed I, "and I have perjured myself. She keeps "her plighted faith inviolate; alas! what "is become of mine? So then, we may "adore our mistress, yes, adore, and yet be-"tray her!"—"I could not have suspected "it," said Fanchon, in a faultering voice.—I cast my eyes upon her; her's darted with desire. The disorder in which I had thrown her, and which she did not think of repairing, the *abandon* of a woman that has been conquered, who expects, who implores a second defeat..... My weakness, the opportunity ... for the first time I forgot Juliet, and a second time fell into the arms of Fanchon.

I was soon made sensible of the prodigious difference that exists between love, and enjoyment only. I breathed sentiment on the lips of Juliet; I continued coy by the side of Fanchon. She perceived it, but was not offended; nothing could alter her gaiety, or disturb her peace. I looked aukward and embarrassed: but she addressed me with the same freedom, as if nothing had taken place between us.—"Poor child," said she, "what "a condition he is in! Would not one think "by his contrite air, that he had been com-"mitting some great crime, and yet we have "done no body harm. Separate, you from "what you love passionately, I from what I "love rationally, it was very plain that we "should yield to circumstances. These "moments of forgetfulness are more fre-"quent than people are aware of; let us "forget this ourselves, and who else will re-"member it, pray?"—"Yes, Fanchon, yes, "we must forget it."—"And well, Sir, who "talks to the contrary? Come, let us sit "down to dinner and be merry."

What could I answer to a woman of that

disposition? She had such a particular manner of viewing things.... I eat a great deal, that I might excuse myself from speaking, Falchon talked at a great rate. Sometimes she would crack a joke or tell me some foolish story; sometimes she would speak to me about Juliet, with as much concern and warmth, as if she had been her confident; she was as earnest and sincere in her wishes for our reunion, as if her own happiness was the consequence. Next, she would leave off the sentimental turn, and resume her pleasing frolicsome humour. If I happened to smile at her sallies, she would pat me with her hands, and kiss me with all her heart and soul. If I grew pensive and gloomy, she would chuck me under the chin, give me a look half comical and half tender, make droll faces at me, and kiss me again. How could I oppose her designs? I foolishly and sillily suffered her to proceed, till she compleatly made game of me.

When she had done dinner, she got up, and asked me, with a profound courtesy, if

I had any commands?—"And what com-
"commands can I have to give you?"—
"Are you so very amiable, Sir, as to forget
"I have but one bed?"—"No, Fanchon,
"I have not forgot it."—"So, then I must
"go and buy another?"—"Ah! faith, do
"as you please"—"Well, I am not inclined
"to go; that job may as well be postponed."
"—"Why then did you mention it?"—
"—"Because I would not have you re-
"proach me."—"You had rather I should
"reproach myself."—"Oh! that's your own
"business."—She laughed, she danced, she sung, she shut up her shop; she played with me, and faith . . . . .

On the morning of the third day Fanchon waited till I awoke. As soon as I opened my eyes, the girl, who was a perfect oddity in every respect, embraced me, and said:—
"Let this kiss be the last. I wish for no-
"thing more from you, nor shall you ever
"obtain any thing more from me. Frivo-
"lous, inconsiderate, yielding, but honest in
"the bottom, I recollect there is a certain

" person yonder, who suffers from your ab-
" sence. Return to your former passion; I
" know I have not overturned it, I have
" only suspended its influence. An amiable
" man may indulge himself with a *distraction*,
" but a man of honour must never contract
" an habit. True, solid, and constant friend-
" ship, that is what I expect; what I offer
" you, what you owe me; and will suffice
" us. I intend going to the convent to day.
" When I return, Juliet must be in pos-
" session of all her rights and privileges.
" You see that Fanchon has already resumed
" her natural place."

We got up. In the course of the fore-noon, a bed was placed in the back-parlour, with a latch on my side of the door, and a bolt on hers. I gazed at her whilst making all the necessary preparations; she surprised, mortified, and humbled me. My blindness and folly were such, that I stood in need of a giddy girl to bring me to my proper senses. Oh! youth! youth! precious but fatal gift! Men lavish thee, prostitute thee, and only survive to regret thee.

The presence, sprightliness, and conversation of Fanchon had hitherto prevented my falling into those gloomy reflections. She went to the convent, and left me alone with my own conscience. I felt the chidings of my heart; reason armed with her cruel light rendered conspicuous to my view such voluntary faults, as nothing could excuse. The delusion had vanished; I beheld my deformity, and was ashamed of myself. I wandered and roved about the room; ran to every corner in search of repose, but found my self every where. The image of Juliet stood also before me. I could see her incensed at my behaviour, and threatening me: she rejected my caresses; she purchased her liberty at the price of the same weakness of which I had set an example before her eyes: I had forfeited the privilege of complaining; I durst not even be jealous.

Fanchon returned; she was out of breath, all in a perspiration, and excessively tired.—"You are in a dreadful condition," said she: "the time of regret is past; that of acting

"is come."—"What do you mean?"—"You "will soon be a father."—"And are you the "bearer of such tidings?"—"Yes: it is I who "will receive your child, and preserve him, "till I can deliver him up to his own mother." —What a wonderful creature that Fanchon was! what a compound of inconsistencies! —She commanded both esteem and pity.

She related to me how she went to the convent, and had settled with the governess for the articles it was supposed she had disposed of. She expected her fair messenger. She insisted on counting the money, made a mistake, and began counting it over again, in order to make another mistake, and to gain time. But the fair messenger did not come, and Fanchon was forced to make a conclusion. When she retired, she stopped with the portress. She had not been long in her company before a bell summoned the portress from the interior part of the convent. Fanchon being left alone, was at leisure to observe the doors and the grates, but could discover nothing that promised to facilitate my operations. There were some

keys in an old chest of drawers; but they could not belong to the pavilion. The portress returned.—"I am very sorry," said she to Falchon, "I cannot stop to enjoy the "pleasure of your conversation, for I must "go out"—"Where are you going to?"—"To call a midwife."—"You joke, certain-"ly!"—"Do, come along: they tell me I "must not lose time."

They both went out together; Fanchon would not leave her so abruptly, but spoke without ceasing.—"A midwife for a con-"vent!"—"It cannot be helped," replied the other, "it is an accident?"—"Is it for one "of the nuns?"—"Jesus Maria? how can "you harbour such a thought?"—"Ah! "well, I understand; it is for somebody "in that wretched pavilion!"—"Alas! "that somebody gives us such a deal of "trouble."—"And what do you intend do-"ing with the child?"—"Poor little inno-"cent thing! why, we must send it to the "Foundling Hospital."—"But what a scan-"dalous business! What will the neigh-

" bours say when they see the midwife carry
" it away?" . . . " Oh! we shall wait till
" night."

" This," continued Fanchon, " is what I
" have heard from the portress. We parted
" at the corner of the Rue St.-Hyacinthe,
" and I have run all the way home; I shall
" hardly have time enough for all my
" little preparations," and away she went to
fetch a little cradle. She soon returned with
caps, cotton, lace, muslin, and I don't know
what. She opened her drawers, took her
scissars, tore half a dozen shifts to pieces,
threaded her needle, and began to make
the swaddling clothes.

I was overjoyed at seeing her so busy, my
emotions silenced the recollection of all my
chagrin; the idea alone of seeing and embracing
my child diffused the sweetest joy!
I had loosened those ties that bound me to
its mother; I felt they were going to be fastened
again, and I was comforted. Then I
transported myself to the interior of the
convent and imagined I could see poor Juliet
labouring under the most acute pain without

any support or attendance; she called out to me and I could not be there to sympathize, to share in her sufferings—to receive the first pledge of her affection!—Cruel hands were preparing to receive her child—to steal him from her embrace!—frozen hearts were insensible of her prayers and lamentations.—She had a son, a husband, and yet she was left solitary in the world . . . "Oh! my God!" exclaimed I, "can she be able to resist this "last blow? Is it from me, is it for me that "she suffers? Is it from me that she is to re-"ceive the mortal blow?"

My heart was ready to break at these reflections, but they bound me to Juliet still more powerfully; my former flame was rekindled with increasing rapidity!—I dared to descend into my own heart, and there I perceived the image of Juliet everlastingly engraven . . . . it filled it up entirely. I was satisfied with myself; I presented my hand to Fanchon, "Yes," said I, "friendship, no-"thing but friendship.—Let us erase for "ever those moments of error; or, if ever

"we recall them to our minds, let it be only "that we may blush at the recollection."— "Hey day! what are you speaking of now?" replied Fanchon, "I had entirely forgot it. "Come, sit down and see me work; that "will amuse you; but I beg you will have "done with all your fine speeches and grave "language; I don't like them at all."

One thought had struck me during her recital;—"I now recollect," said I, "that "Juliet had a month or five weeks more to "go."—"What would you have me answer "to that?" replied she, "sometimes sooner, "sometimes later, we must take it as it "comes:"—and she shewed me her work, explaining the use of every article. She rolled up a napkin, dressed it, and made me kiss it, then threw it away and resumed her work.—"We shall see," said she, "how "you will manage it to-night; but, à-propos, "how do you think of settling matters with "the midwife?"—"Why, nothing more "easy; I shall wait for her at the door of "the convent."—"Well, and pray what "then?"—"Then I will take it away

"from her."—"And, if she cries out?"—"I will offer her some money."—"Suppose she refuses?"—"I will pocket it again and send her to Coventry."—"And, if? ...."—"Oh! if, if, if ... I know not how to foresee things so long beforehand; I will act according as other people would in such a situation."

We hardly took time enough to eat our dinner: Fanchon resumed her work; she had almost finished it, and I desired her to call a coach.—"Are you crazy?" said Fanchon, "it will be day-light till eight o'clock."—"But, if they should alter their mind and take away the child sooner than they projected? we had better wait."—"Where?" "In the street;"—"What, and expose yourself to... Now I recollect there is a public house facing, we may go there and ask for a private room."—"What, will you come with me?"—"Certainly, either trouble or pleasure, I always share with my friends."—She went out and returned with a coach.

We ordered the coachman to stop at the

corner of the street; Fanchon laid hold of my arm, and just as we were going to step into the public-house we perceived the portress standing at the door of the convent. Fanchon at first wanted to return, but upon second thoughts, "she has seen us," said she, "we must not seem to run away from "her."—Accordingly we went up to her and Fanchon introduced me as her brother, who served in a regiment of dragoons, and had had leave of absence to come and spend six weeks with her. The most profitable ideas often occur when we think less! I spoke in my turn, and told the portress that my sister and I were going to take a little collation on the Boulevard-Neuf, that I was very happy to meet with one of her acquaintance, and that I should take it as a particular favour if she would be one of the party.

"Your sister is well apprized," replied the portress, "that I cannot leave my post."—This was the answer I expected.—"Well," resumed I, "we can stop with you; we shall "be as comfortable here as any where else, "and you may attend your business."—

"Stop with me!" continued the portress;—"Why not?" resumed Fanchon, "I can see no objection."—"Hey! but we must not be detected;" replied the portress.—"Make yourself easy," said I, "my pockets are as large as bags; they can hold a collation for the whole community."—I went to the public-house, took the most relishing things they had ready, and joined my sister.

She had already entered into a regular conversation with the portress. I listened to what they were saying, and, though I seemed to pay no attention to their discourse, I did not miss a syllable, neither did I lose sight of my project; I trod upon Fanchon's foot and she readily took the hint.—"A-propos," said she, "and your child-birth business?"—"Oh! thank God! that is over."—"Has the lady had a happy delivery?" asked I; "Very happy."—"And the poor mother?" continued I.—"'Pshaw!" said Fanchon, interrupting me, "those creatures are easily consoled."—"Not so very easily neither," retorted the portress; "this poor woman,

"for instance, is very much dejected, our "ladies say; yet she is pretty calm."— "What did she say," replied Fanchon, "when her child was taken away?"—"Oh! "the child is with her still."—"How she "must have kissed it!" exclaimed I.— "Hold your tongue, brother, pray, and fill "us a glass of wine."—"Well said," answered I, "here's to the mother of the new-"born infant."—"Ha! with all my heart, "and why not?" said the portress; "God "judges the sinner, but it is our duty to help "and pity him."—"You are right, my dear "friend, that is sound morality."—I clasped my arms round her neck, when she made up such a face . . . . such grimaces . . . . I shall forbear describing them. Fanchon reproved me very severely and by dint of speaking very loud silenced the portress.

We heard a bell at the outward door: it was the midwife. I seized the opportunity, returned to the public-house, and brought a bottle of brandy, which I mixed with the rest. The midwife was a fat jolly woman; I invited her to take a glass of wine, she drank

two and went in.—" We shall see you as you " come by?" cried Fanchon to her.—" Oh! " yes," cried the portress, " she must have " my permission before she goes out," and she continued saluting a knuckle of ham, that tasted very nice indeed, and invited us to ply the bottle.

Time glided away; the portress humected the ham, but I was impatient, and Fanchon winked at me to be composed.—I heard somebody speak; " Open the door directly," said I to the portress, " here comes the mid- " wife;"—I rose from my seat, went to meet the good woman, and took the baby in my arms. The poor little thing cried, it seemed to regret its mother; I gave him a little wine and sugar, he smiled at me, and my heart was dilated.—" Only look," said Fanchon, " how " my brother understands it; one would " think he has never been otherwise en- " gaged."—The midwife looked at me, then at Fanchon, and said, " if it was not for " your modest appearance, I could hardly " credit the fraternity."—Fanchon burst out laughing and the midwife laughed also.—

"Come ladies, let us sit down to table," cried I, with a view of shifting the conversation.—"Aye, aye, down to table," echoed the midwife, "the present job is not very lucrative, to be sure, but I overlook that in your company; pleasure is preferable to money."

I was quite incapable of composing myself, but began a long series of very imprudent questions; the name of Juliet was very near escaping me at two or three different times; Fanchon, in her turn, trod upon my foot, which made me sensible I could do no better than hold my tongue, and pour out bumpers, and I poured continually, without intermission.—"I beg you will excuse me," said the portress, when she took care not to leave a drop in her glass.—"I am rather in arrears," said the midwife, and she hastened to be at par with us. Fanchon and I drank little but we pushed hard at our guests. Now the portress first laid aside her monastic prudery, and she began to perceive I was a pretty fellow: "don't be offended, my dear child," would she say, whilst stroking my cheeks

and chin, "if I kiss you, it is for the sake "of your sister."—"Well, well, that may "be," said the midwife, "but I'm no such "a ninny; egad I'll kiss him for my own "sake."—I was seated between the two ladies, and when I escaped the one I could not escape the other. I made such grimaces as nearly resembled that of the portress when first I saluted her.' Fanchon laughed and filled the glasses, the ladies emptied them; and the embraces were multiplied to such a degree, that I no longer knew what to do with myself. However, our guests soon began to stammer, their heavy limbs refused to convey their caresses, I winked to Fanchon to mix brandy with their wine:—thus she struck the conquering blow, and we laid them both upon the portress's bed.

"Long live the witty," said Fanchon; "this is what I call doing the business well; "let us open the door and be gone."—I wanted to go into the garden, to approach Juliet; to endeavour to see and speak to her. "Now you want to risk every thing, though "there is nothing to be gained," said Fan-

chon. "Is Madam in a condition to follow "you?"—"Well then." I replied, "at "least I will carry away," .... "What, "the portress?"—"No, no, her keys!"— "And to-morrow the locks will be changed. "Take away the baby, and thank your stars, "Fortune has treated you as her spoiled "child."

Fanchon took a bunch of keys from the portress's girdle; she opened the door, and we went off, leaving the care of shutting the door again to whomsoever would take that trouble. She wrapped the child in her cloak, and we withdrew in full speed. A coach happening to pass by, we hired it, alighted at the Place-des-Victoires, and returned home, highly pleased with the success of our expedition.

I blew the fire; Fanchon sat down on the floor, I sat by her, and we undresed the baby.—What a fine boy he was! I kissed him, and pressed him; Fanchon kissed him, and pressed him, likewise. "Look," said she, "how pretty he is! see how like you

"he

"he is!"—"No," returned I, "he is the "very picture of Juliet." The fact was, that he resembled neither one nor the other.

We wanted to dress him again. Fanchon managed it aukwardly enough! I offered to help her, but I was more aukward still! she made game of me, and I laughed at her; the child cried, and we concluded nothing. We spent part of the night in hushing the child, nursing him, giving him some drink, aud rocking his cradle. The little creature fell asleep at last; Fanchon carried the cradle close to her bed, bolted the door of my room on the outside, and her's on the inside. I soon went to sleep myself, after having long ruminated upon new exploits.

CHAP. V.

ACCIDENTS AND SUCCESSES.

WHEN I got up in the morning, I found a good looking nurse in the room. Fanchon had gone as usual for her cream, and had enquired from all the gossips in the neighbourhood, till she had been recommended to this woman, whom she had brought home with her.

The nurse had already entered her functions, and the child was at her breast. Fanchon was collecting the swaddling clothes, whilst settling terms with the child's adopted mother. But, in order to abridge the negociation, I emptied my purse in her apron, well knowing I was sure of pleasing when I dealt in such a manner. The nurse was delighted, and promised she would do wonders to shew her gratitude. I had not quite forgot how I had been used at Sangatte; but this nurse was married to a journeyman far-

rier, who lived in the same street with ourselves, and Fanchon proposed having a watchful eye over her; so that I was very easy.

When we were left alone, we gave up the child a moment to think about the mother. I assumed my plans and notes, and opened them, not upon Fanchon's bed this time, but upon her table. I elucidated to her at full length, yet as clearly as possible, the shape I intended to give every instrument, and the manner in which I proposed to use them. Fanchon was very attentive, sometimes would have me repeat the same thing over again; and shrugged her shoulders or applauded, according to what my projects were. She approved very much, especially of the tinder-box and matches; and thought it a very comical idea, to set a house on fire in order to rescue one's mistress.—When I had concluded my discourse, she asked me if I had a horse to carry all my utensils, and if I expected the night would last four-and-twenty hours, for the execution of my grand and numerous

operations. I answered, that I should have no occasion for a horse, as the whole of my equipage would not exceed forty pounds; and that a common night would suffice, because I was expeditious.—"That's quite another "thing," said she; "Besides, if this business succeeds as luckily as that of the midwife, it will not require great abilities to "be brought to a conclusion."

She employed part of the day in procuring the necessary articles for my operations. At night, her little kitchen resembled the forges of Vulcan. Iron bars, coals, earthen stoves, an anvil, pincers, a hammer, a file; Fanchon and I standing in the middle of all this apparatus, blowing, forging, striking, rendering the iron useless, and then beginning over again: it was exactly an epitome of Mount Ætna.

I had already put two or three iron rods in such a condition, that the most expert blacksmith could not have been able to convert them to any use. My hands were all torn; I was overwhelmed with perspiration; I swore, and Fanchon was out of all patience. I flung

the hammer and pincers at the farther end of the kitchen: Fanchon gave a kick, and overturned the stoves. I sat in a chair; Fanchon took another; we stared at each other, and both of us burst out laughing together, at seeing each other's sulky, smoaky faces.

I did not laugh long, however. The liberty of Juliet depended on my dexterity; and this reflection was sufficient to encourage me. We re-arranged the stove, aud lighted the fire; I resumed my tools, and made another experiment, attended with no better success than the first: I was no longer in a passion, but grieved seriously. I could eat no supper, went to bed, but did not sleep a wink the whole night.

I rose at day-break, and called Fanchon up. We returned to our forge, repeated our efforts, and yet to no purpose. I never could succeed according to my wishes. I was exasperated, Fanchon's gaiety forsook her, and each of us sat musing in a distant corner. "I am determined," cried I on a sudden,

"to go to-night and ring at the convent "door."—"To-night!"—"Yes, this very "night. I will force the portress to open "the door of the interior, and, with a pistol "in my hand, will I release the unfortunate "Juliet from the pavilion."—"All that "cannot be performed without making a "noise," said Fanchon; "besides, the gar-"dener will kill you."—"So much the bet-"ter, if he does; all my sufferings will be "over."—"And what then will become of "your poor loving Juliet?"—I was thunder-struck at her remark, and could not reply; but, advancing sorrowfully towards the kitchen, I considered my work, acknowledged my impotency, and was plunged into deep despair.

I had ordered the nurse to bring the child to me every morning: Fanchon reminded me of it, saying, it certainly would not be long before she came in: I therefore washed my face and hands well, and put on some clean linen, to avoid all manner of questions, that I should have been at a loss how to answer.

Fanchon walked up and down the room;

she looked at the ceiling, bit the ends of her fingers, stamped on the ground; in short, she was half mad.—"Take a piece of paper," said she to me, at last, "and let me have a "drawing of those cursed hooks: I never "saw any, nor can I form an idea of what "they are from what you have told me. "Draw one," I say; "perhaps they are "like some other instrument which, with "little labour, may be made to answer the "same purpose."—"I know of nothing that "is like it," said I.—"Never mind, draw a "copy of one."—I instantly drew one, but that did not relieve us from our embarrassment.

When I saw the nurse coming in, I was not in a humour to give her a kind reception. She sat down near Fanchon, who, although as warm as myself, had a greater share of patience, and was endeavouring to make something out of my drawing. The nurse was very much displeased because we did not speak to her: however, not to lose all manner of countenance, she cast her eyes upon the

paper which Fanchon observed so attentively, and ventured to ask me whether I was not an instrument maker?"—"What instruments "do you mean?" returned I.—"Chirur- "gical," answered she.—"Do you know "what this one is?" interrupted Fanchon precipitately.—"To be sure; my husband "cauterizes every day."—"Your husband "cauterizes!"—"Why, to be sure he does. "Is it not a cauterizing instrument that that "drawing represents?"—Oh! what a luminous hint! what a joy! we could hardly contain ourselves. We caressed the nurseling and the nurse, invited the latter to breakfast with us, and, as soon as she left us, Fanchon ran to different shops; she bought a couple of those instruments in one shop, three at another, and brought me a dozen of different forms and sizes.—I was overjoyed at seeing them; they required but very little alteration: I bent them a little towards the end, and filed the sides a little, tried them upon every lock in Fanchon's lodgings, and was happy enough to find that not one resisted. Fanchon had taken the charge of making the

rope-ladder, and succeeded remarkably well, notwithstanding at first she found it rather difficult. I took an iron rod, which I bent towards the middle; I also made a kind of a ring at one of the extremities, where I intended to fasten my ladder.

These preparations required six days, and engrossed our attention so much, that we had thought of nothing else. On the evening of the sixth day, however, Fanchon discovered that her funds and mine were totally exhausted. Towards night I went to my correspondent's, who complained of not having seen me for a long while. I returned his civilities, without entering into any particulars concerning my affairs: I took a hundred louis, and retired.

On the seventh day, we had nothing more to do. Idleness and a tête-à-tête that lasts four-and-twenty hours is a terrible thing for a young man and a lively young girl, who have already deviated once from the paths of virtue. I ogled at Fanchon, and she at me; her complexion became animated, and my blood grew warm—I ran towards her, and

she to me. . . . "No, no, my good friend," said she, "we must not do mischief;"—and, leaving me abruptly, she fetched the nurse with the child in her arms; and presented it to me. "It is Juliet's child," said she, in a low voice; "kiss the dear little thing; and, "that will be a certain cure against temptation."—She retained the nurse the whole day, and at night hastened to retire into her room. I looked at her when she was ready to shut the door; she stopped and looked at me. I turned my head another way, and the door was locked. There was great merit in the victory, for Fanchon was a handsome girl, and I was a very pretty fellow myself.

The next morning, Fanchon accosted me with an air of solemnity that surprised me. "Here are provisions, Sir," said she, "for "the whole day, which you shall spend by "yourself, for fear it might not end well. I "advise you to try to set Madam at liberty "this night: you must necessarily place her "between us. I will be here at ten o'clock, "and assist you in getting your utensils "ready." And she immediately retired.

As soon as I was left alone, the idea of Fanchon vanished before the remembrance of Juliet. Thus the first rays of day disperse such shades as seem still willing to dispute its empire. I delivered myself up to the sweet hope of being soon united to the object of my tenderest love, and the whole day lasted but a moment.

Towards nine in the evening, I felt great emotion. If I should be surprised in a nunnery I was a ruined man, it was certain death; and I was really terrified when I reflected on the dangers I was going to brave: but, when I considered that, if success should crown my undertaking, Juliet was to be restored to me, I thought no more but of Juliet.

I drew my ladder, pincers, hooks, and other instruments, from the place where I had concealed them. I ranged them on the table, and gazed upon them again and again, when new reflections soon inspired me with fresh apprehensions. Some body might pass by me, and (notwithstanding the night being dark) discover those instruments of crime, which it was impossible I could entirely con-

ceal under my vestments. I might be arrested before I had reached the convent. What excuse could I alledge? what scheme could I contrive to extricate myself? Appearances would be against me; crime is more easily credited than love. My blood was chilled, and my face covered with a cold sweat. I hesitated for some time; at last I gave up my enterprize, and threw myself in a chair; I was absorbed, I was annihilated.

On a sudden I heard a dreadful shower of rain and hail, that rattled against the door and windows. The noise roused me from my dejection, and the first object that presented itself to my imagination was Juliet. "What," cried I, "must I never see her again? Shall "I renounce her for ever? Shall I give her "up to the miseries that oppress her? . . . "Ah! this would be the most cruel of all "tortures. I must release her or die."

Fanchon returned. The rain had put her in mind of procuring a cloak for me, and she had brought one: this was a very wise measure, which I had totally neglected.— "It will be of great service," said she, "to

"hide such a number of things you want to
"carry with you."—"Let us go," replied I,
"this weather is very favourable; I am not
"without some apprehensions of the danger,
"but I will rush into it head-foremost; no
"consideration shall stop me."

I unbuttoned my waistcoat and twisted the ladder and ropes round my body; I lighted my dark lantern and put it in one of my pockets, filled the rest with as much as they could hold, and tied a handkerchief round my waist to hold my pistols. Fanchon carried the crow under her cloak, I then took the stick in my hand and we departed.

As the rain continued to pour I wanted to take a coach; Fanchon opposed it; she observed that I looked so big with all my instruments that the coachman might discover something, so that I consented to go on foot. Poor Fanchon was soon wet to the skin, nevertheless we did not stop; we crossed deep and rapid streams: she lost both her shoes, yet was not disheartened. The load I had to carry was so burthensome, and we walked so fast, that I was over-heated; the warmth of my

blood got into my head to such a degree, that when I arrived on the spot I felt more resolute than ever.

I took the crow, gave my cloak to Fanchon and left her sheltered under a large door: there was nobody to be seen. I prepared my ladder and approached the wall; that part where I stood being crowned with thick branches of trees, I concluded the green-house was not there: I fixed my ladder and climbed up the wall. I listened . . . the most profound silence prevailed . . . I got down, advanced a few paces, and hid my ladder amongst some asparagus.—I listened again, every thing was in perfect stillness.—I searched for my lantern, it was cold, I took it out of my pocket and discovered that for want of air the light had gone out; I was in the most obscure darkness; I returned and followed along the wall; I thought I felt a shutter and my heart began to beat with extraordinary force; I proceeded, felt again, pushed gently, but found the shutters were shut. I walked round, arrived at the door, which was open; I stopped trembling, irre-

solute . . . . invoked Juliet, seized one of my pistols and rushed into the green-house; I fell upon the bed, there was nobody in it; I searched for the gun, but could not find it: I left the green-house and proceeded into the garden. As I walked at random in the dark I missed my way, but tumbling over the stone bench upon which I had seated myself the first time I was in the convent, I then knew where about I was.

I perceived a light that was advancing straight towards me, and I lay flat on the ground; the light, however, continued following the same direction, approached slowly, and I crept behind some shrubs that stood at a small distance; I soon descried two nuns patroling and the gardener in company with them, who held his gun ready to fire; they passed at two feet distance from me and I perceived the light of their lantern that was reflected on the walls of the pavilion close by. They entered the orchard; I got up and ran to the pavilion: I reached the door which was shut and then I took my hooks. As I was feeling for the lock I met with an

iron bar across the door, which I lifted up and the door flew open. I then entered a passage that led me to the stair-case; I walked up very gently, feeling on both sides, and went by different doors that seemed to be well locked. Here I experienced a perplexity which I had not foreseen: which was I to open? Which was Juliet's room?—I durst not call her, for fear of awaking some of the nuns who might sleep in the pavilion.—I advanced, returned, listened, overheard doleful accents, and immediately tried several hooks successively; I unlocked the door and thought I had gained the summit of my wishes, but found a second door; never in my life had I suffered so painful a sensation.—"Are you "come to liberate me?" said she in a low voice, speaking through the door.—"Yes," returned I, as low.—"Only draw the bolt, "there is no lock."—We were seeking for each other in the dark, our hands soon met, I dragged her behind me along the gallery; we got out of the pavilion, and crossed the garden: the lantern was no more to be seen.

The trees formed a shade still thicker than the dark of night; I went on till I came to the asparagus; I searched for my ladder, my feet got entangled in some cords, and such was the disorder of my ideas that I had not the least recollection that it was my own identical ladder, which I immediately fixed to the wall. I ascended first, helped her after me, and supported her with one hand on the top of the wall, whilst with the other I was repassing the ladder. She descended; Fanchon received her, and I came down after.

I took hold of her arm, "Come," said I, "come, before they discover you are fled." "Great God! it is not he!" exclaimed a woman whose voice was unknown to me.— "Oh! heavens! it is not Juliet!" cried I. "It is my tall fair beauty," returned Fanchon, looking close at her.—"In the name "of God," said the young person to us, "do not surrender me! do not forsake me!" "Fear nothing," replied I, "but tell me, I "beseech you, where I can find my Juliet?"

"In the room next to mine," answered she, I instantly reascended the wall; Fanchon wanted to stop me, as it would soon be day break.—"Let me go," said I; "to-morrow "it will be too late. This lady's escape will "make a noise; their vigilance will be re-"doubled; they will take fresh measures; I "shall not be able to penetrate; I shall not "find her another time."—I got into the garden again, quite exasperated at this new disappointment; it was enough to turn one's brains.

I marched straight to the pavilion, reached Juliet's door, and was going to open it, when I heard somebody double locking that at the bottom of the stair-case; they expressed their surprize at having found it open; I soon perceived the reflection of a light. I was frightened out of my senses; I knew not what to determine, but mechanically entered the tall fair lady's room and crept under the bed.

The two nuns sent forth another scream when they discovered that room was open too. They got on the top of the bed, whilst

I lay under, to open the window and call out to the gardener. In all probability he was at too great a distance to hear them, and returned no answer. They went down, calling still louder, got out of the pavilion, and I heard them shut the iron bar across the door. I repented I had not secured them, but it was too late; I was distracted, and in a condition not to be described.—" Inspire me, O my " God!" cried I; " O my God, assist me!" Juliet knew my voice and called me: I flew to her apartment and tried half a dozen hooks. The more I hurried myself the less could I unlock the door; I already heard the gardener's hollow voice approaching—I had but one moment left, I introduced my crow between the door and the wall, gave a violent thrust, and knocked the lock off.

I unbolted the second door, dropt my crow, seized Juliet, drew one of my pistols, and was going to clap it to the breast of the first person I should meet; Juliet stopped me:—" You will always be in time," said she, " to recur to that dreadful extremity,

"if indispensable."—She then pushed me into her bed, lay over me, and covered me with her whole body. They entered the next room:—"She is gone," said the gardener;——"Gone!" resumed the nuns, "What shall we do? How shall we impart "this intelligence to the superior? Let us "see, at least, if Miss Tillmouth is in her "room?"—At these dreadful words Juliet locked me in her arms, as if they were able to hide or protect me. "What! another "door open!" cried one of the nuns;—"answer me, Miss, are you there?"—"I "am!" answered Juliet in a trembling voice. The gardener entered the room with his gun in his hand; he looked under the bed, in a cupboard, shook the grates.—"Nothing has "been fractured, and there is nobody here," said he; "let us look elsewhere."—As they were going out they stumbled over my crow and picked it up. They bolted the first door, mended the lock of the second with my very instrument, locked it, and continued their researches.

I heard an uninterrupted noise in the pavi-

tion for a long while of people running up and down stairs, reflecting on the singularity of the adventure, which they could not account for. Soon after a great number of torches illumined the garden; I went to the window and discovered about twenty nuns with five or six armed men, whom, by their dress, I thought were common labourers; they were dispersed in different parts of the garden. On a sudden one of them exclaimed: "Here is a rope ladder."—They instantly surrounded him, and, by the light of the torches, I could see my ladder handed from one another. "We are undone!" cried I to Juliet, "I have lost my crow and ladder; "how shall we be able to get out?"—We flew into each other's arms and melted into tears. I doubt if ever two unfortunate beings were in a similar perplexing situation.

The day began to dawn; I could discern the features of my adored Juliet, and gazed upon them with avidity; but judge my surprize, when I discovered that she was still big with child.

My difficulties seemed to increase every minute; I beheld the situation of Juliet as the most cruel of all, for now I could only find a passage for her through the street door.

We heard a noise of keys in the gallery; I thought it prudent to hide myself till I had fixed upon a plan. They had searched under the bed and in the cupboard, I jumped into the chimney; Juliet supported me and I endeavoured to keep fast with my knees, back, and elbows. They were come to bring her breakfast and did not stop. I accidentally looked to the top of the chimney; it was not grated and I ascended.—" What are you " about? Where are you going?" said Juliet. —" In search of the means of liberating you," returned I.—" You endanger your life!"— " True; but it is for your sake."—" Pray " come down, I beseech you!"—" No: I " will never leave my wife, my beloved, my " life, here any longer. I will try, I will " attempt every thing; if my efforts are use- " less then I shall come down again, partake " of thy food, thy bed, thy prison, and I

"shall be happy again." She sent me a thousand kisses. She could do no more; no longer could she press me to her breast. I was at incredible pains to reach the top of the chimney, but at last I succeeded. The pavilion was partly surrounded with lofty trees, whose thick branches prevented my being seen from the neighbouring houses. I was deprived of the most essential part of my instruments, but I still retained my hooks, my pistols, and courage.

The bell rang for prayers; I lifted up my head and saw the nuns, lay-sisters, and gardener, all going to church. "Well," said I, "now I may go to work for an hour at "least." I immediately began, got upon the roof, sat down, and then proceeded as far as a little garret window, which I entered. Here I found a number of osier baskets, and a pile of planks, behind which I might retreat, if necessary: but I had not penetrated so far with a mind to stop. I went to the door; it was not locked, but an iron bar was set across, in such a manner that I was still confined in,

the pavilion. I perceived a little stair-case, and went down into a deep and dark cellar, rummaged it all over, and found only some few empty casks. I compared their diameter with the breadth of the stair-case, and concluded they could not have been entered that way, and that of course there must be another issue. I proceeded till I met a passage, at the bottom of which there were a dozen steps leading to a door with an aperture at the top, through which I could discover the trees in the garden; facing me there was another door, but that they had taken care to lock.

I made some confused observations on the localities, and it appeared to me, that the second cellar might possibly run towards the street. I opened it, and was surprised by the unexpected sight of a light, which issued from a lamp hanging in the vault, and whose pale and wavering flame enlightened some tombs. It was very probable, the funeral processions did not enter the same way I was come. This cell must be under the church, and, very likely, there was a communication with the

choir. I looked around me, and descried at a distance a flight of large steps, bordered with double rails. I traversed the cell, went up the steps, and found a trap-door. I hesitated whether I should lift it up, although I presumed the service was over, and knew that I must hazard much in order to succeed. I bent my body, and tried to lift the trap-door with my back; it resisted for a long while, but I persevered, and redoubled my efforts; it began to shake, gave way at last, and I entered a little yard that was surrounded on all sides with high walls and buildings. As there was no window that opened on the yard, I had leisure to examine every thing around me. I perceived a cylinder, to which was fixed a rope to lift up the trap-door; a little farther a heap of stones; and, lastly, two doors, that attracted my whole attention. One of them opened into a building entirely unknown to me; the other was pierced through an insulated wall. This latter I approached and looked through the chinks. . . . O agreeable surprise! O raptures! it opened into the street.

I went down the steps and shut the trap-door after me. I hurried out of the cell, shut the door, and re-entered the first cellar, overjoyed at my discovery. "That Juliet," exclaimed I, "that Juliet, whom I have been "at such pains to approach, for whom I "have been exposed to so many dangers; "that Juliet is going to be restored to me, "and from her I shall receive the reward of "all my toils."

I heard another bell, which I supposed was that of the refectory. I was ignorant how long they staid at their meals, but I knew the time they used to stop at church. I had discovered in the morning that all the people in the house attended prayers, and resolved to continue where I was till such time as they should go to vespers. I sat motionless between two empty casks during a couple of hours, a prey to thoughts either consoling or cruel, just as my enraged imagination would alternately suggest. A thousand contradictory images were raised and combated in my head. I passed, without interruption, from fear to hope, from joy to sorrow. At last

the ringing of the bells struck the air, and the long expected sound saluted my ears.

When I thought that all our observers were gone to church, I ran to Juliet's apartment. "Follow me," said I, "the hour of "thy deliverance is arrived."—She trembled at the very proposition of executing so bold an enterprise in the middle of the day. "Follow me," resumed I, with new force; "they are at present in entire security; but "they will watch as soon as the night comes." —I dragged her after me, with her hand trembling in mine. We traversed the galleries, first cellar, and next entered the subterraneous burying ground. I shut the door after us, and broke one of my hooks in the lock, to prevent our being surprised behind. At the sight of the tombs, dismally enlightened by a sepulchral lamp, Juliet was seized with horror. "The dead sleep in peace," said I; "I live, and live for thee; let us "proceed."—We had hardly advanced a few paces, when a sudden noise made me shudder. The trap-door was lifted up; I heard a great number of people coming forward, singing

their prayers. I remained breathless, lost all my strength, and was as frozen as the inanimated relict, which I trampled under foot. It was no longer in my power to retreat; we were not permitted to retrograde. The sense of extreme danger instantly converted my fear into temerity. I advanced with a pistol in my hand, ready to shed the blood which I could no longer spare. Juliet fell on her knees; I could not leave her.—Some priests, who recited the office of the dead, a coffin, the nuns, the lay-sisters, the gardener, and the portress, with lighted torches, entered the subterranean abode, and spread a light which inspired me with new terror. They advanced, and I retreated, supporting Juliet. The grave that had been dug happening to be behind us, we both fell into it; Juliet fainted away. The procession approached.—I found myself reduced to desperation; I swore I would fight till the last moment, and hastily got up.

They who surrounded the grave thought they saw an apparition. They screamed out, and tumbled over one another. I interpreted

their error; it encouraged me, and I determined to take my advantage. I fired twice on the air, and all of them fell with their faces to the ground.—"Death!" cried I in a terrible voice; "death to whoever dare "lift up their eyes."—They were all overcome with terror. I seized Juliet, carried her up the steps, let down the trap-door, and loaded it with all the stones that were in the yard.

Although, in the midst of these horrors, yet I retained great presence of mind. I observed that the door which led into the street had not been opened for a long time. If I should go out that way, it would infallibly awake the suspicions of the neighbours; from whom, perhaps, I had no less to apprehend than from the nuns themselves. I formed a resolution to look for the portress's lodge, which could not be far from the spot. I had no enemies to dread in the convent; I had secured the whole community in the cell, at least I thought so.

Juliet had recovered her senses, she leaned upon me, and without the least apprehension

we entered the building, the door being left open. We went through the sacristy into the choir. There was a door in the wainscot, close to the grate, and the key was upon the door. I opened it, and we went through a passage, between the street door and that of the interior part of the convent.—" Well, sister, is " your burial over? are you going to bring " Miss Tillmouth into the parlour?" uttered a voice that was unknown to me.—At the same time a villain, an infamous wretch, a monster, made his appearance at the portress's door. It was the Curé of St. Etienne du Mont. My blood was inflamed, my rage blinded me; I levelled my pistol at him; it missed fire. I levelled it a second time, the traitor retired into the lodge, and wanted to lock himself in. I prevented him, and threw him down, by pushing the door. He got up before I could secure him, seized a large knife that was upon the table, and rushed upon me. I was just in time to parry with my pistol; but he pushed at me with such vigour, that it was impossible for me to fire; and happily it was for me I did not, for

the report would infallibly have been heard in the street. We grasped each other by the middle; our fury and thirst of blood was equal on both sides. He had not lost his strength; but I retained all mine. I brought him to the ground; wrested the knife from his hands; lifted up my arm to strike him. Juliet wanted to hold my arm; vain efforts. He was base enough to beg for his life.—"Would "you have granted mine?" said I, "Behold that Juliet, whom you have so much "coveted, but shall not enjoy. It is to her, "to virtue, to myself that I sacrifice thee."—And I plunged the knife into his breast.

Revenge loses all its charms as soon as we are avenged. I turned my eyes from him, and at length opened the street door. We got out with an apparent calmness we were far from enjoying. I pulled the door after me.

Juliet staggered, she could hardly walk, although leaning upon my arm. I intreated her to make uncommon efforts to support herself, at least till we had turned the corner of the street. Some passengers stopped to

look at us, others went on; but, however, they all made me tremble. The violation of a convent, the murder of a priest would have been sufficient to have broke me on the wheel, and yet I was innocent. Good Heavens! what reflections I made! what tortures I felt! what a condition I was in!

I perceived at last that my cloaths which were besmeared with mud and soot, contrasted most remarkably with Juliet's decent appearance.—"I cannot let you keep my "arm," said I to her, "in my present "condition. Endeavour to follow me at "a few paces distance."—She was excessively weak. We did not advance. I entered a broker's shop, in order to change my clothes, and give her time to recover herself a little. She afterwards laid hold of my arm again, and I conducted her gently as far as the Place St. Michel, where I expected to find a coach. There was none left on the stand, so that we were obliged to trudge with great difficulty, as far as the Rue du Mail, notwithstand-

ing our fatigue, and the danger of being known.

At length we arrived before Fanchon's shop. It was shut. "Knock," said I to Juliet, who did not as yet know where I was conducting her. "Knock; if she is gone "out, I must drop down here on the spot. "I cannot possibly walk one step farther."—She knocked, nobody answered the door; she rapped still louder, no person came.—"Speak out your name," continued I, "per-"haps she is afraid of opening." — She gently whispered her name through the key-hole. An unknown person instantly opened the door; we went in, and I dropt in a chair overcome with fatigue, and half dead for want of subsistence.

CHAP. VI.

DEPARTURE FROM PARIS.

JULIET and the unknown lady both offered me their kind assistance. Juliet presented me some aliments I was in such pressing want of; and her beneficent hand restored me to life and love.—"Poor unfor-"tunate man!" said she, "how much he has "suffered!" — We were seated in the same chair, with her arm round me, and her cheek resting upon mine.— "Do you believe I "think of my sufferings now?" answered I. "I touch you, can I think of any thing "else!"—"You are happy," interrupted the stranger, "and I am indebted to you for "the hopes of being soon happy myself. "I shall see my friend, and forget in his com-"pany all my late miseries."

I now began to recollect the past transactions, and particularly that of the tall fair lady, whom I had released from the pavilion

—"It is I," said she to me, "it is I who owe "you every thing, although I can do no-"thing to serve you in my turn; but you "are master of a heart wherein you will find "your reward."

She related to me that she was attached to a gentleman of the most distinguished merit; that she had long resisted the solicitations and menaces of her family: but she had been forced to yield to an abuse of authority, and had suffered herself to be buried in a convent.

On the eve of that day she was to bid adieu to the world, she had received her lover in her apartment. They grew more and more tender, had forgot themselves, and it was the misfortune of that estimable man, to pine away in secret from the apprehension of becoming a father.

She lived amongst the nuns, her future comrades, insensible to their caresses, and wholly occupied with her passion, at the time when she had procured Juliet's note to me. The day following she returned

under the windows of the pavilion; had repeated her singing, and Juliet had dropt a second note. She was detected: they wanted to snatch the paper from her hands, but she tore it to pieces. They only wanted a pretext to offer violence, and force her irresolution. They complained to her father, who gave the most rigorous orders against her. She was to be confined in the pavilion until the moment she should pronounce her vows.

"What!" said I to her, "you mention your "gratitude to me, whilst you have the most "righteous claim to mine!" — "What!" continued Juliet, "you have spent ten days "near me without speaking a word about "your situation! to share in our mutual sor-"row, would have alleviated them."—"Did "I know," returned she, "that that Juliet to "whom I was speaking through a thick pa-"vilion, was the same whose notes I had "received! I was mistrustful, because I "was unhappy: ill bestowed confidence "might have made me still more wretch-"ed."—

She added, that the very day on which she had been so inhumanly locked up she had bribed a labourer who had brought a letter from her lover. He was determined to elope with her and the cruel disappointment had ruined all their plans.—" And that infant," interrupted Juliet, " that innocent baby, whom I heard " on his entrance in this world between " bolts and grates?"—" That child is mine," replied she, with downcast eyes; " cutting " sorrows, and the care with which I had " concealed my pregnancy during seven " months have precipitated his birth; I " thought his father and I had lost him, " but," added she, turning towards me, " you " have restored him to his mother; I have " embraced him, and this is your chief " bounty. You know the rest—you entered " the pavilion—I overheard you. I could " not conceive what means had been con- " trived to effect my deliverance, but we " easily credit what we hope for, I really " expected my lover, and when you seized " my hand I thought I held that of Mr. de

" Cervière's." — " Of Mr. de Cervière's!" cried I, " What! are you Miss d'Herouville ?" " And are you that tender hearted l'Heu-" reux, whom Fanchon has so often spoken " of?"—" What is become of the dear girl?" asked I to Mademoiselle d'Herouville.— She told me that they had waited for me the whole night under the walls of the convent, fretting and lamenting. Fanchon wet through and no shoes to her feet, had been obliged at last to go and shift her cloaths; had left Miss d'Herouville at her home, had begged she would wait for her, had returned to the convent, and had not been seen since the morning. Juliet did not understand the meaning of all this; I recounted what Fanchon had done for us, some few things excepted, which there was no occasion I thought to acquaint her with.

A coach stopped at the door and we all ran into the kitchen; Fanchon came in singing: " Well!" said she, " where are they? " Do their good friends frighten them?"— She embraced Juliet with marks of respect that flattered me much, and addressed me

with a reserve for which I was truly grateful. She then informed us what had happened in the convent after we were gone.

"As soon as it was day," said she, "I re-"moved from the garden wall, as I knew you "could not effect your escape that way; "I rambled all over the premises, avoiding "however being seen by the portress, who "might play me some bad trick to thank "me for that we had played her before. I "spent the whole day in going backwards "and forwards, looking about, and being "vexed. At last tired with keeping on my "legs, I went into the public-house that is "facing the door, and sat down near the "window in company with a slice of ham "and a bottle of claret, which I had "called for through form. A numerous "crowd soon gathered round the house. I "trembled for you, and yet enquired what "was the matter..... you are a fine fellow, "indeed! you have not even had the skill "of killing your Curé."—"Let him live and "repent," said I. — "It was that animal," continued Fanchon, "who occasioned all

" the rumour. He had reached and opened
" the window, and called for assistance. The
" people rang at the door for about half an
" hour, but no body came to open it. They
" broke it open, and only found some board-
" ers, who knew not what was become of
" the rest. The nuns, lay sisters, chaplain,
" gardener, and portresss, were all vanish-
" ed. They would have continued for
" ever under ground, if the wretched
" Curé had not muttered some words on I
" don't know what burial. The people ran
" to the trap door, went down into the cell,
" and there found the living and the dead
" pell-mell, and not worth much more the
" one than the other. I leave you to
" judge of the bustle through all the neigh-
" bourhood: but think of my joy when I
" heard that the Curé had told the com-
" missary who came to receive his declara-
" tion, that he had been assassinated by a
" villain whom he had opposed in carrying off
" a young English lady, and that they had
" just made their escape together. I have
" left the Curé, the nuns and the com-

"missary, to settle matters among them-
"selves as they may think proper: and here
"I am."

Juliet congratulated her on the good spirits she retained, notwithstanding all her troubles, and thanked her very affectionately for all the pains she had been at to serve us.—"This
"is not all," said Fanchon, "my journeying
"is not yet at an end. You two are united:
"but here we have a young lady who is
"alone, and solitude is not good for her. I
"must beg to be excused to-day; and you
"will own that I may plead fatigue. But
"to-morrow, at day-break, I shall call upon
"Mr. de Cervière, who very little expects
"my message. Afterwards, we must think
"of some little arrangements for you, ladies
"and sir; for, notwithstanding my being
"ever so willing, you cannot stop here: all
"the runners of the police will be at our
"heels, in consequence of this last adven-
"ture. Let us now think of our supper and
"making merry; and we shall reflect when
"the time is come."

She brought pen, ink and paper, to Miss

d'Herouville. "Write," said she to her; "to write to him we love is betraying the "weariness of absence. With regard to you "two, I have no advice to give you. The "best I can do is to leave you in company "together:"—and, indeed, she left us.

Juliet made me sit on her knees. We wanted to speak about business, but could only speak of our love. Mademoiselle d'Herouville sat writing: Fanchon was getting the supper ready; and, continually of the same temper, she laughed and sung. Every body was engaged, every body was satisfied, and the happiness of the day removed the apprehensions of the morrow. We were very chearful at supper. Fanchon amused us with her stories; Mademoiselle d'Hérouville would smile every now and then; Juliet and I answered wrong to every thing, as we had our own private conversation to attend to, and that was as interesting to us as the general conversation.—"I will make them answer right for "once, however," said Fanchon to Miss d'Herouville . . . "At what o'clock do you think "of going to-bed"—"Directly," answered

I.—Juliet said nothing, but looked at me.... Oh what a look! it said, demanded, and promised every thing.

We all went to bed; Miss d'Herouville slept with Fanchon; and I.... Oh! she knew how to repay all I had done for her. A loving woman is the first of all riches; the master-piece of Nature.

In the morning, I was awakened by such strong and repeated embraces, that I did not know what to think at first. It was Mr. de Cervière, who, unable to contain his joy, had entered our room without farther ceremony, to give me those testimonies of his gratitude. I got up, and went into the shop with him, to wait while our ladies were getting ready to make their appearance. The passions are alike in all men. Mr. de Cervière, forgetful of his magisterial dignity, was as frolicsome as a cornet of light dragoons: either soon or late, Nature's laws must be obeyed. Miss d'Herouville, with part of her vestments upon her back, and holding the rest in her hand, soon ran to join us. I comprehended instantly that Fanchon had contrived a tête-à-tête for

them, and that they had already been engaged in *serious conversation*: the general one which followed, though not so interesting for them, nevertheless was very lively. Those two young people were perfectly well matched, and I congratulated myself upon having been the means of their reunion.

Juliet came in: she esteemed Cervière, and met him again with pleasure; he said a thousand polite and affectionate things to her. "The first time I saw you," continued he, "I easily discovered your passion; and my "lord was perhaps the only person who could "be deceived in that respect. I never "doubted, since your evasion, but you and "this gentleman were together, and it makes "me happy to find that you have preferred "real felicity to ambition and fortune."

After these first compliments were over, we all four sat down in council, to deliberate on the measures we should take. Mr. d'Herouville on one side, and the Curé on the other, were two enemies equally to be feared. We were no strangers to their acti-

vity and credit; we must either escape them, or live in continual inquietude.

"Juliet," said I to Mr. de Cervière, "can "command a pretty considerable sum; rea-"lize your fortune, and let us fly with our "wives and gold. We shall find a free "country, where we shall not be called to "an account for our affections."

The idea was unanimously adopted. The prudent Cervière, however, was not long before he became sensible of the plan being attended with great inconveniences. "A "description of your person," said he to me, "and of Miss d'Herouville, will certainly "be sent to all the sea-ports and frontier "towns. It is possible, however, we may "reach a foreign country; but, if you was "detected, in what an abyss of miseries you "would be plunged again? Miss d'Herou-"ville has nothing to apprehend but from "her father; whereas, you have incurred "the severity of the laws: the rectitude of "your intentions could not protect you. It "is certain you should leave Paris; but you "must remain in France. I have a good

" and trusty friend of mine, who is proprie-
" tor of a pretty estate in the environs of
" Saumur: you shall retire there."—" You
" shall retire there," returned Miss d'Herou-
ville, with a little air of discontent! " and
" what is to become of you, Sir, pray?"—
" I am not willing to lose you a second time,
" my dear, and we must be very cautious in
" order to prevent it. Your father will have
" a watchful eye over me: I must remove
" his suspicions. I intend to continue some
" time in Paris; to appear often in company,
" and to contrive the means of bringing our
" common affairs to a favourable issue. The
" season in which I generally go into the
" country is drawing near; my absence then
" will not be noticed, people will suppose I
" am gone to my country seat, and I shall be
" with you." Miss d'Herouville was not at
all of the opinion of parting from Mr. de
Cervière; but Juliet argued so rationally,
and with so much force, that she persuaded
her to yield to circumstances.

Mr. de Cervière took the charge of pro-
curing a berlin. It was agreed upon to take

his friend's coachman and horses: Miss d'Herouville, who was tall and well made, was to dress in men's clothes, and to pass for Juliet's brother: we were to change our names, and depart without delay: and, lastly, the child was to continue with his nurse, under the inspection of Fanchon.

Mr. de Cervière was preparing to leave us. He wanted to forewarn his friend of our arrangements, and invited us to join him in the evening: Fanchon's house was continually open to the public, and it might be dangerous for us to stop there any longer. At the idea of not seeing Mr. de Cervière till the evening, Miss d'Herouville made up another discontented face, but so expressive, so pretty, so touching! It did not pass unnoticed, and that was all she wanted.—"How can I manage it otherwise?" said honest Cervière: "I am known. If I come here twice a day, "people will notice it; and the circumstances "we are in demand extreme circumspection. "I can wrap myself up in my cloak, Fanchon "will accompany me, and I shall follow you "at a distance, at a great distance. I pro-

"mise to be a quarter of an hour after you; "that is more than sufficient to make you "easy, I hope."—He smiled and kissed her.

Mr. de Cervieres and I parted, both penetrated for each other with that sincere affection which is the unavoidable consequence of two beings who have the same inclination, and undergo similar calamities.

Miss d'Herouville and Fanchon followed him pretty close. Juliet and I thought of preparing necessary articles for our excursion. I had some linen, but Juliet's clothes had been left either in our apartment of l'Estrapade, or in her convent: she was destitute of every thing. Fanchon, with her usual complaisance, offered to procure such things as were pressingly wanted; and, about dusk, I went out, in my turn, to take the remainder of the funds that were left at our correspondent's.

I felt the most agreeable surprise as I entered his house, at finding young Abell there. We embraced with the true cordiality of two friends who did not hope to meet again, and

are

are brought together at the moment they expect it the least. A peace had just been concluded between England and France, and Abell had succeeded his father in the honourable commission of secretary of embassy.

The first thing he had done upon his arrival in Paris, was to enquire after us; and he had been confusedly informed of our late misfortunes by common report. He was ignorant of the particulars; yet he had learned enough to be alarmed, and was come to his correspondent with a view of discovering and being serviceable to us, as far as it lay in his power. I related to him all that had happened to Juliet and me since his departure; and likewise apprized him of our designs.

" No," said he, " no, you shall not go
" out of Paris in a gentleman's carriage.
" Your adventure is public, the topic of ge-
" neral conversation, and you are represented
" as a most infamous character: that, how-
" ever, signifies little, but the measures that
" have been taken to secure your person are
" of a more serious nature. There are people

" appointed at the gates to search all the car-
" riages; you can only pass under the pro-
" tection of a respectable livery, and that I
" shall provide for you. Till the proper time
" is come, you must repair to the English
" Ambassador's, where the people of the po-
" lice are not permitted to go."—" I readily
" accept the offer," replied I; " let us go and
" fetch Juliet."—" With all my heart," returned Abell.

We arrived at Fanchon's with two bags full of gold. Abell could not refrain heaving a sigh when he saw Juliet: we never can entirely erase from our memories an object whom we have loved so passionately. Juliet, on her side, felt very aukward; but I soon put them at ease. " You esteem one ano-
" ther too much," said I, " not to love
" each other a little; but constraint is a
" check to friendship. Let us speak freely."
—He repeated to Juliet what he had told me at our correspondent's, and tears started from his eyes.—" It is decided then," said she, " that
" we shall not enjoy one moment's repose."
—" Your situation will not long continue the

"same, Madam," replied Abell; "you are "a native of England, which is a recommendatory title with the Ambassador, and the "Cabinet of Versailles will not deny him the "first favour he will claim. I take the whole "charge upon myself; I answer for all, provided we avoid the first pursuits. It would "be very hard for you, and for your friends, "were you to undergo fresh difficulties."

We took our leave of Fanchon. Juliet most pressingly invited her to accept of an hundred louis, which she peremptorily refused.—"Grant me," said she, "the pleasure of having served you; your money "would destroy its charms."—She pressed my hand, and we got into the carriage.

When Abell had conducted us to his apartment, he desired me to let him have positive notes on our last catastrophe, and the causes from which it was derived. He wrote part of the day under my direction; he afterwards asked me several questions about Miss d'Herouville and Mr. de Cervière, whom he had often seen at Madame d'Alleville's; and

also set down my answers. Then he went to fetch them in his coach, and bring them home with him.—" She will be safer here," said he, " than any where else; and, if I " am not mistaken, it will be some plea- " sure for you to be together." They arrived all three half an hour after. Miss d'Herouville had already changed her dress. " Here " is a pretty fellow I introduce," said Mr. de Cervière to Juliet: " he is very amiable " and seducing; mind he does not steal " away your heart."

The meeting of Abell occasioned some alteration in our plan. We agreed that Mr. de Cervière should order the berlin to Etampes the next day, where it should wait for us, and that we should go there in the Ambassador's own carriage.

Abell promised much, and, as he was a man of great solidity, inspired us with unlimited confidence. Miss d'Herouville and Juliet, both young, handsome, and sensible; Cervière and myself, loving, tender, and happy; Abell, exhaling around him the most delicate and honest soul; every thing, in short,

concurred to make us pass a delightful evening, which we spent in mutually unbending our hearts, and in those refined attentions which render friendship adequate to love.

Mr. de Cervière arose, and was going to retire: "What are you about?" said Abell; "I have got beds for you."—Cervière immediately resumed his seat by the side of Miss d'Herouville. She gave him a sly look, and blushed.—"Imitate Miss Tillmouth," said Abell to her; "she was not ashamed "to be a lover; she blushes not at her increasing daily the happiness of the man "whom she loves. My dear friends, virtue "rests within ourselves, and is independent of "human conventions; both Miss Tillmouth "and Miss d'Herouville are very respectable "women, in my eyes. May heaven some "day favour me with a wife that resembles "them!"—"Abell, my dear Abell," returned I, pressing him in my arms, "you "shall be as happy in the end as I wish, and "you deserve to be."

The next morning I entered his bed-room,

and requested he would be so kind as to permit me to deposit our little fortune in his hands; which I saw no utility of carrying into the country. "Rely upon me for any "thing that may be agreeable," said he. "You may draw upon me to the amount of "one hundred thousand livres: because, "within a few days, I shall receive the rest "of your funds." I asked whether we should soon depart?—"No," answered he: "your "enemies are very artful; we have no other "means of balking them than by our te-"merity."

He went to the Ambassador's, stopped there pretty long, and returned in time to breakfast with us. "Ladies," said he to Juliet and Miss d'Herouville, "your affairs are "in a good way; you shall hear of me in "less than a fortnight." He did not enter into any farther details; but that was saying enough.

Our parcels being called for, Miss d'Herouville looked out of the window: when she saw the coach that was to part her from Mr. de Cervière, she took his hand, and brought

it to her lips with so penetrating an air! . . . "I have only required a fortnight, Miss," said Abell to her. "If you are afflicted at "so short a delay, what resource is there "left," continued he, looking at Juliet, "for "those who have lost all hopes?"—"The "consolations of friendship," answered Juliet, embracing him with a cordiality for which I would almost have thanked her.

Two postilions were engaged in putting six beautiful horses to a state-coach. Our ladies sat on the back seat, Abell and I in front: a coachman, with a large pair of whiskers, mounted the box, four footmen behind, and two running footmen before the horses: in this equipage we rolled with tremendous rapidity. When we drew near the town-gates, we all three experienced violent emotion: I pulled my hat over my eyes, Juliet opened her fan, and Miss d'Herouville grew pale.—"Don't be afraid," said Abell; "I have "thought of every thing."—A soldier was preparing to stop the coach: "'Tis the "English Ambassador's," hallooed the run-

ning footmen from a distance: the soldier retired, and we passed.

The danger which is overcome is soon forgot. We had not travelled two leagues when we thought of future times only; and Abell described it in so pleasing and true a manner, that the most severe reason could have nothing to oppose. A wanton gaiety soon dispersed those gloomy ideas which had so long preyed upon us, and Miss d'Herouville herself spoke many of those sprightly words, which never come uppermost but when they are not sought for.—"A-propos," said Juliet, "by what name shall we christen "this little rogue?"—"By that of Celestin," replied Abell; "as the most becoming to his "face. . . . . And you," continued he, addressing me, "how will you be called?"— "Abell," answered I; "if I knew of a more "honourable name I would assume it."—"It "is rather an obscure one," replied he; "however, I am glad you have chosen it. "Madam shall bear it. I hoped for a time. . . . ." He stopped, a melancholy silence suc-

ceeded the pleasing emotion; and we all four were dejected.

We joined Mr. de Cervière's berlin. Abell ordered the coachman to stop. "We must "stop here," said he; "the farther we go, "the more I shall find it painful to leave "you."—I approved of his proposal: the brilliant equipage would have been noticed in a small town; and curiosity is always dangerous. We engaged to correspond frequently, parted from Abell with sincere regret, and arrived at Etampes without having exchanged a single word from the time he left us.

CHAP. VII.

ADVENTURES BY NIGHT AND BY DAY.

I SHALL forbear giving a description of Etampes. The town would be unknown from the rest of the world if it stood a hundred yards only from the road. We fared but very indifferently, slept in sorry beds, and yet were in good humour when we set off the next morning.

I made a general search in the coach, and was sorry, from what I discovered, I had not thought of it the day before. The provident Cervière had filled the well with cold joints and good wine, a circumstance at which we all rejoiced. We travelled by easy stages, and might happen to meet with such inns where our provisions would be still more wanting than at Etampes; In fact, at the very first village where we alighted to refresh our horses, there was nothing to be procured, not even tolerable good

bread. Mr. Celestin opened a pye, and performed the honours with general satisfaction. We invited our coachman to partake of it; he was so civil as to condescend: he emptied his bottle, and the horses went the better for it.

It was the finest weather in the world, we let down all the glasses, and the coachman, who was a jolly fellow, joined us, or rather monopolized the whole conversation. He related the history of all the masters he had served, and at last recounted our own, not knowing that he spoke to the hero of the adventure. This history had been considerably improved previous to its reaching him. I had treated seven or eight nuns in the like manner the Bulgarians had served Cunegonde; others I had buried alive, and had carried away the cash of the community. Here I presumed to give the coachman the lie: he let it go down smoothly, but assured me, that he knew much better than I all that had passed, for the portress was cousin-german to the brother-in-law of the aunt of his wife's father, who had told him the whole

story. I took my oath that the daughter of the nephew of the sister-in-law of the cousin-german of the portress had not spoken one word of truth. He produced a proof of the contrary, which I really did not expect: he pulled out of his pocket a complaint in sixty-four verses, which the poet Fardeau had already composed upon this lamentable and remarkable adventure. What could I oppose to militate against a complaint written by the poet Fardeau. The coachman sang it in such a tone of verity, that we were almost imposed upon ourselves, and from one verse to another, we arrived at the place where we intended to dine.

We alighted at a tolerable good inn, and here dispensed having recourse to our provender. Mr. Celestin discovered an old guitar, with nearly all its strings, and ordered it into the coach. We paid our reckoning, and proceeded on our journey.

The coachman had set us in a singing humour. Mr. Celestin took up his guitar, and performed very well upon it; Juliet had a pretty voice, I could sing very pleasingly

myself; we began a little concert. The travellers wondered, the coachman applauded, and we had almost gone over all the duets and trios we knew by heart, when an accompaniment of counter-bass interrupted at once our concert; it was the thunder. Miss d'Herouville was excessively afraid of it. Her guitar fell from her hands, and she wrapped her head up in Juliet's gown. I lifted up the glasses, let down the blinds; nevertheless the flashes of lightning would penetrate Miss d'Herouville's large blue eyes. The rain pouring at the same time, I gave my cloak to the coachman, and begged he would drive as fast as he could. A sudden violent clap of thunder augmented Miss d'Herouville's frights. She hid herself in the bottom of the coach; the horses reared up, and refused to go on; Juliet appeared intimidated; I apprehended some serious consequences, ordered the coachman to tie the horses to a tree, and we let him have a place for shelter in the carriage.

This storm, like all others, brought us fine weather again: Miss d'Herouville set herself

up again, and was the first to laugh at her extraordinary fright. We had lost two hours at least, and we must travel by night to reach the place where we had proposed to take our night's quarters. Miss d'Herouville was as much afraid of highwaymen as of the thunder; Juliet was cold, her situation commanded great caution, I consequently ordered the coachman to alight at the first public-house.

" Here is a shabby looking inn," said he, about half an hour after, " but you won't " stop?"—" Why not?" replied Miss d'Herouville, " one night is soon over; provided " there be a bed for my sister, we will make " shift."—I got out of the coach and took upon me the functions of quarter-master; I had no sooner set my foot in the house than I wished myself at twenty leagues from it; it was really horrid, shocking. I enquired how far we had to go to the next village and was answered upwards of two leagues, accordingly we determined to stop.

I was shewn through a broken stair-case into a bed-room; what a bed! Then I saw a

closet that was separated from the room by a gallery; here I found a second bed—the best of the two was good for nothing.

The rest answered to what I had already seen: — shattered windows, broken chairs, worm-eaten tables, starved chickens, that ran all over the room, and left on each piece of furniture standing proofs of having there taken their passage; an hostess as dirty as a sow, and an ill-humoured landlord; such was the agreeable pleasant abode where we must stop all night.

I enquired what they proposed to give us for our supper?—"A nice fricassee of pul-"lets," answered they.—"What, made with "these chickens?" returned I, pointing to those that were hopping about.—"Yes, sir," retorted the lord of the manor with a frown, "and you may rest assured they did not die "of the pip."—I promised very civilly to pay for his chickens, but begged of him to keep them. "Let us have clean sheets to our "beds, in case you have any in the house, "and make haste to light a brisk fire."

I returned to the berlin,' handed out my

two fellow travellers, and introduced them. They looked at me with such an air!—The wisest part, however, was to laugh at our plight, and so we did. We sat round the fire. Juliet warmed herself; Miss d'Herouville played on the guitar; I dried my cloak, and the coachman brought us out of the carriage certain means of consolation which seldom fail proving efficacious.

We had hardly begun our supper before seven or eight chickens began capering in the dishes, and picking the bread, pye, and cold meat; I believe they had been two days without food. I turned them out and shut the door, but they made their passage through the cat-hole. One leapt on the back of my chair, another on Juliet's shoulders, a third entangled its feet in Miss d'Herouville's hair. We rose from our seats, ran about the room with our plates in our hands, and the chickens followed us every where. The coachman took an old earthen pot, filled it with half crumbs of bread and pye, laid it down in a corner, when they were kind enough to give up their chace.

 To

To this first scene succeeded one of another kind: our hostess, who never in her life had tempted any one but her husband, was not, however, free from temptation herself; she found Mr. Celestin much to her liking, and gave him such encouragement as could not be misconstrued. Mr. Celestin, who was in a merry humour, returned the landlady's glances; the husband, who was jealous, God knows for what, would call his wife down every minute, but she would never stop long below: she never wanted a pretext for coming up again. She would stand facing Celestin and devour him with her eyes—the latter eyed him in the like manner! The little woman was transported beyond herself! Juliet and I (without seeming to observe them) were very much amused. The husband, who was an ill bred brute, entered the room whilst his wife's attention was engrossed by the tender language of Celestin; he seized her by the ears and sent her down stairs, neck and heels. Celestin wished to support his character and railed at the husband, who sent Celestin to

the devil, when the coachman turned the host out of doors; two waggoners, who had just arrived, siding with the landlord, I was forced to interfere. These two gentlemen chose to speak rather loud, but I spoke louder still. The hostess durst not come up again, but kept screaming with all her might below; the coachman swore unmercifully; we were all in an uproar, Juliet offered her mediation between Celestin and the publican. The latter, though ever so brutal, suffered himself to be persuaded by a pretty woman; he confessed he had been impertinent, but swore that he had good reasons to mistrust his wife and watch her. Juliet invited the contending parties to drink together and filled them glasses of excellent wine, which reconciled them all. Celestin, the husband, and the waggoners, drank one another's health with great cordiality, and parted the best friends in the world. Miss d'Herouville acknowledged she had carried the jest too far, and resolved in future to use more circumspection.

We were merry for a while at the odd mistake till they came to cover our beds. The hostess uninterruptedly ogled at Celestin whilst opening the sheets, but Celestin had resigned intriguing and was very cautious.—"How are we to take up our quarters?" said I to Juliet.—"Just as you please," answered she.—"Well!" returned I, "we two will "sleep here; the bed in the closet being "narrow, we shall leave it for your bro-"ther."—"Will you?" continued the hostess; "well! I will give him one mattress "more to his bed; he appears of a delicate "constitution: I must make him comfort-"able."—Miss d'Herouville made no answer but let her do as she pleased.

At last we thought of going to bed; Miss d'Herouville wished us a good night and retired to her apartment. We had just begun to undress, when she came and knocked at our door; I let her in.—"I will not sleep "there," said she; "I am afraid; besides, "there is neither lock nor bolt to the door; "I shall sit up all night by the fire."—"We

"will not suffer it," said Juliet in her turn; "you shall sleep with me and l'Heureux in "the closet."—"No, my dear," replied I; "this arrangement does not in the least please "me, I tell you candidly."—"Come," said Juliet, "shew a little complaisance; would "you not wish Cervière to do as much for "me?"—They both embraced me, one very very tenderly, the other very friendly, and I suffered myself to be turned out of doors.

I was fast asleep when I felt something very heavy that placed itself precisely over me; I partly awoke and perceived that something lay under the blanket; I awoke entirely and was frightened in my turn.—I stretched out my hand and met with a very hard and alert one; I advanced farther, and felt certain forms by no means engaging, it was a woman though.—"The deuce take you!" cried I, jumping out of bed.—"My dear "little friend . . . my darling!" . . . "Your "darling is in bed with my wife; go "and join your husband."—"In bed with "his sister!—Oh! the little rake!—and "you suffer it!—My man would not be so

"complaisant;" and her hands began their former play with such vivacity, that I was forced to give her half a dozen smacks to make her let go her hold. "Peggy, Peggy," cried somebody with the voice of a Stentor, which shook the house to its very foundations. Peggy ran away. A moment after the landlord came in his shirt, with a lantern in one hand, and a stick in the other. He continued his clamours, and the name of Peggy resounded from the cellars into the garrets. The waggoners at length were aroused, and not liking to be thus disturbed in their sleep, began horse-whipping the landlord, who joined his wife at the bottom of the gallery and cudgelled her: the coachman, who, on account of the noise, had got up, fell between Peggy's legs, when they both rolled together to the bottom of the stairs.

I entered Juliet's room, and found the two friends terrified at the infernal bustle they had heard; not knowing what might have occasioned it. I recounted what had happened to me, and we laughed heartily at the land-

lady's misadventure. I dressed myself, revived the fire, lighted the candle, wrapped myself up in my cloak, and stretched myself on the floor. "What, are you going to "stop there all night?" said Miss d'Herouville.—"Do you think," replied I, "that I "am willing to encounter a second irruption "of your Dulcinea? I would not return into "the closet for all the gold in Peru."—This answer provoked a second fit of laughter, which lasted till we fell asleep.

Providence had decreed that that night should end as it had begun. I was awakened a second time by a trembling voice, that called out to me. "What is the matter?" returned I, rubbing my eyes.—"There are "ghosts here."—"Ghosts, do you say; "where are they?"—"Come this way, and "look."—It was Miss d'Herouville, who pointed out a something in the opposite corner of the room. I looked: "Why, 'tis "nothing but a pot," said I.—"Yes; but "then the pot walks!"—"How so!"—"To "be sure it does!" and she pressed close to Juliet, who was fast asleep.—I looked again

with more attention: the pot did really walk! "What do you think of that, now?"—"'Tis "very extraordinary, indeed!"—"Oh Lord! "how frightened I am!"—"And at what? "after all, it is no more than a pot."—"A "pot! did you ever see a pot walk before?" —"I confess it is rather uncommon."— Whilst we were discoursing the pot advanced. The candle stood at the foot of the bed, and the pot was near overturning it. I lost all sense of patience.—"Though you were the "very devil," cried I, "I must know what "to make of you." I gave a violent kick, when a chicken, that was under the pot, flew upon the bed, and awoke Juliet. I began to laugh again, Miss d'Herouville followed my example, and so did Juliet, though ignorant of what was the matter.

We puzzled our heads to know how the chicken could get under the pot. Juliet unravelled the mystery. The pot was the same which the coachman had filled to feed the poultry: the chickens, by jumping on the brim, had overset it, and one of them

had been trapped under. He had seen a light through the cracks, and endeavoured to release himself.

"I am decided," said I to the ladies, "I "will give up sleeping."—"So do I."—"So "do I," answered they. They got out of bed, and we spent the remaining part of the night in reading, warming ourselves, and eating.

I called the coachman up as soon as day began to dawn; commissioned him to discharge the bill, in order to avoid all manner of explanation with the landlord and his wife; and we departed. The adventures of the night furnished matter for our conversation on the road, and we arrived at Orleans, laughing at the ambulatory pot, and the conquest of Mr. Celestin.

Juliet was very much fatigued: I proposed stopping all day at Orleans. Miss d'Herouville was too friendly to deny me that favour.

This town is well deserving the curiosity of a traveller. It is watered by the Loire: the width of its bed, the commerce which it facilitates, the barges and craft of all kinds

with which it is unceasingly covered; the motion and life which are communicated from its gay borders to the remotest part of the town, presented a prospect of interesting variety. An idea started on a sudden, which I communicated to Juliet and Miss d'Herouville, namely, to hire one of those covered boats which are called *cabanes* in that country, to fit it out with all possible conveniences, and go down the Loire as far as Saumur. "We shall be more at ease," said I, "we "shall travel more expeditious, and shall "find it more agreeable."

The ladies complied, and we immediately put the plan in execution. We chose the largest and prettiest boat, and purchased it. We then returned to our inn, and I proceeded to the fitting out of my frigate. I ordered the best provisions to be carried on board; fishing rods, in case we should like to angle; and a double barrelled fowling-piece, to shoot at aquatic birds, if we had an opportunity: I also bought mattresses and blankets. Juliet could not help laughing at my immense preparations; and Miss d'Herouville asked me

whether we were sailing for a long voyage? "My intention is," returned I, "to avoid "in future the incursions of the chickens, "the daring enterprises of landladies, and "the visiting ghosts. Let the successors of "the late Don Quixote go in search of "similar adventures; but we must contrive "to procure the conveniences of life."

In the afternoon, I ordered the interior of the *cabune* to be cleaned, had some paper stuck around, and fitted it out exactly like a Dutch barge. I had just finished my dispositions, when porters arrived with a piano forte, and a large collection of music. This I knew to be Juliet's doings.—"Bravo," cried I, "we shall enjoy pleasures of all kinds; "shooting, angling, music, good cheer, "friendship, and love. What a charming "mode of travelling! Oh! what a bright "idea has occured to me."

Our pilot, who was a tall handsome fellow about twenty years of age, slept on board to watch over our property. The next morning I gave the coachman such directions as might be necessary for him to reach the place of our

intended residence; recommended him to take care not to fatigue his horses, to arrive as soon as he could; and we embarked.

The weather was such as we could wish for: not one single cloud to be seen; the azured sky was reflected on a lawn of limpid waters, to which it gave a greenish tint; and a sweet breeze swelled our little sail, without incommoding us. We *weighed anchor*, much satisfied with the resolution we had fixed upon, and considering with complacency the enjoyments we had procured.

It was at least a twelvemonth since we had played on the piano, and, consequently, gave the preference to music over all other amusements. Miss d'Herouville took up her guitar, and played her part *improvisatore*; a heap of airs and concertos were hardly sufficient to satiate our appetite for harmony. Juliet presented me a sonata .... "Do you recollect "it, my dear?" .... I embraced her with such transports!—It was that most precious sonata to which I was indebted for the first kiss of love. We performed it with unspeakable delight; with all the expression and fire

with which the most delicious recollection had penetrated our souls. The mariner forgot his oar, Mis d'Herouville dropt her guitar; they were afraid of missing one sound. When we ended, Miss d'Herouville passed on the hind part of the vessel, and joined us in an innocent, yet well founded humour. She exclaimed: "What! are the happy ages of "the Amphions and Orpheuses gone for "ever? I can see neither Dolphins nor Tri-"tons, nor Nymphs, nor Amphitrite, not "even petty Nayad come swimming round "us."—"I can discover the bridge of Beau-"genci," said the mariner; and we got out of the room.

Beaugenci is not a very considerable town, but the view of it is remarkable picturesque. It is built in an amphitheatre on both sides of the Loire. The environs are delightful. Country houses scattered here and there, vineyards, arable lands, meadows, rocks crowned on their summit with tufted trees, fertile springs, which pouring through cavities, fall in cascades, and in a frothy stream swell the bed of the river; every thing seem-

ed to unite in order to increase the beauty of the prospect. The two ladies were so deeply and agreeably struck, that they did not perceive that the current carried us with great violence; and went under the bridge with the intrepidity of two Amazons.

The wind continued favourable, and we sailed at the rate of five or six knots. We arrived at a sand, where the mariner told us he had sometimes found plenty of fish. I ordered him to reef the sails, and cast anchor that we might throw our lines. "Until some "gold fish or cachalot be pleased to bite at "the bait, I am of opinion we should break- "fast," said Miss d'Herouville. Juliet supported the proposition; the mariner was silent, but I could perceive he wished as much: from which I spread a cloth, and served different sorts of viands; each made their own choice, with one eye on the fishing rod, and the other on the fork. Miss d'Herouville, who was not in the habit of angling, did dot observe that the quill of her line was under water, and that the rod received violent jolts: "Pull up, Sir," said the

mariner, but it was too late; the rod was gone. Celestin was very sorry, and jumped overboard to catch it: I trembled for Celestin, and jumped after him; Juliet was going to jump after me; the pilot stopped her.—"Fear nothing, Madam," said he, "the "river is not two feet deep."—I caught hold of the rod, and pulled hard: a *sea-monster* pulled on his side, and as hard as I did. Celestin, whom the love of glory inflamed, forgetful how cold the water was, wanted to share with me in the honour of the conquest; we pulled both together, and after a gallant defence, we hoisted a beautiful shad on board.

Mr. Celestin had but one suit, and that being wet, we were very much embarrassed how to contrive for him. I offered some of my clothes.—"Pshaw," she said, "you are "taller than I by a whole head, Sir; what "a fine figure I should be."—Vanity never loses her rights. "Come," said Juliet, "I "will lend you some of my clothes till yours "are dry; I will make a girl of you." They went together into the cabin, and when they returned to us, the mariner swore, that Mr.

Celestin resembled so much a pretty Miss, that the most knowing might be deceived.

To catch a shad is a great pleasure! but you must cook it yourself to make your happiness complete. There is hardly a French woman but who understands a little cooking: Juliet, who was quite Frenchified, joined Miss d'Herouville, and they seized the fish with undaunted hands. The fish, regardless of their pretty fingers and round white arms, beat them most unmercifully with his tail, and gave them the slip when they least expected it. They both screamed out, according to common practice, dipped their arms into the river, rubbed them, and plunged them in again; I thought the whole water of the Loire would not have sufficed for the ablution. I kissed the hands of both to convince them they retained no bad smell, and seized the fish in my turn. Now the question was, to know how it should be dressed, and we entered into a long dissertation upon the matter. The ladies quoted all the authors that have written on the important subject, from Lucullus down to the *Cuisinière Bourgeoise*; they made a ge-

neral recapitulation of all the possible sauces; *la Ravigotte; l'Italienne, la Marinade, la Galantine, la Matelote, la Bechamel,* &c. &c. &c. As I was an entire stranger to the business myself, I was of opinion to do as they liked: I only wished they would choose. "Why "faith," said the mariner, "why should "you make so much ceremony? throw a "bottle of good wine and a lump of fresh "butter over it, and you will tell me how "you like it."—The ladies followed his advice, and well they did; otherwise they would never have determined. The debate however, proved of some utility, as we passed the bridge of Blois without even perceiving it.

We discovered a small island, situated .... I cannot answer exactly for the latitude. It was covered with poplars, linden trees, and green turf. "Here we must eat our "fish," said Juliet:—"With all my heart," returned I; and we tacked about. As there was neither harbour nor bay, we ran ashore, and jumped out of the boat. The pilot set his

his frigate afloat with his knee, crossed the straights in an instant, that separated us from a tolerable pretty village, from whence he brought the necessary articles for the confectionary of a *court-bouillon*. Whilst I was digging a fire-place with my knife, the ladies were engaged in picking up some wood; the flame cracked, the fish was dressed, and we began one of the most agreeable meals I ever tasted in my life. Our sallies, songs, and a few kisses stole from Juliet, and which she immediately took back; the frank, liveliness of Miss d'Herouville; together with the mariner's simple narrations, contributed to make it pleasing.

Man is truly happy when he endeavours to abide by nature.

After dinner we ran, played, and tumbled on the grass. The warbling of the birds invited us to a sweet reverie, which brought to our recollection the beautiful line of St. Lambert.

Souvent j'écoute encor, quand le chant a cessé.
And oft I listen, though the song has ceas'd.

Miss d'Herouville, who was looking upwards, cried out that she had discovered a nest of colibris, which the mariner protested were goldfinches. One may easily believe that the nest was coveted; and cost what it would, down it must come. I climbed the tree, and presented the ladies five very pretty little prisoners.

They vied with each other in caressing them: ran into the cabin, tore the lining out of a cloak to keep the little things warm; soaked some soft bread and water in a glass, and fed them. During the time they were so busily engaged, we arrived at Amboise.

It was at least two hours before sun-set, and we agreed to go as far as Tours. I seized the oar in one hand and the helm in the other. The pilot, being quite tired, fell asleep at Mr. Celestin's feet, whom he liked very much, although he was but a youth.

I steered very skilfully for one hour or two, very dexterously avoiding the *rocks, shoals,* and

whirlpools; but at last I was come to an Archipelago, composed of five or six islands, every one of them as large at least as the water-piece in the garden of the Palais Royal, and I never could clear myself. My companions made game of me, yet I would not give it up. They gave me a verse of a song that alluded to the circumstance, but we cannot get out of imminent danger by dint of singing songs or hymns; for indeed, although I sang that to *Notre-Dame du bout du Pont*, yet I could not steer better for all my singing. I was cast on one of the islands, got to sea again, and ran ashore on another. Miss d'Herouville extended her arms, swelled her voice, and said, with the emphasis of a Sybil, but yet without foaming:

"If your horse wants to be shod, you must not send "him to the baker's."

This oracle was plain; I understood the meaning, awoke the mariner, and restored him to his post.

We entered the port of Tours: there is an

inn in the Grande-Rue, where they charge very dear, but you find very good accomodation. We set all the people of the house at work, and made ample amends for the preceding night. First, we had a nice supper, and this was something; next, they gave us excellent beds, and that was still more. I partook of Juliet's, and that was every thing.

At day-break, we embarked every one of us refreshed, hearty, and in high spirits. It was a cool morning; we accordingly sat in the cabin. Love profits of every circumstance: I took Juliet on my knees, and covered us both with my cloak. Celestin, with a smile, laid hold of his gun, and went upon deck. "You are very unreasonable," said Juliet to me, as soon as Celestin was gone; "you forget that modesty constitutes the charms of love; you cease to love me the moment you cease being delicate." I deserved the remonstrance, and begged her pardon, which was granted; Juliet sealed it. . . . We were alone.

Celestin cried out he saw a flock of ante-

lopes, and pop pop he fired, turning his head and shutting his eyes. "What are you "about, Mr. Celestin?" said the mariner, "why do you fire at the poor goats?"—"They are antelopes."—"No, they are goats, "I tell you." I was appointed umpire, and gave it to the mariner, notwithstanding the partiality I bore to Celestin. Very luckily he had missed his aim, and killed none of the goats. I loaded the gun again, desiring him not to mistake an ox for a buffalo, or an ass for a zebra.

Hardly had I returned to the cabin, when Celestin hailed me—"Shall I fire my broad-"side, or wait till they board me?"—I enquired what enemy threatened him? "No "less than a pirate," returned he, "with "all her canvass out to chace us."—"'Tis "the Patache," replied the mariner; "be-"ware of firing upon the officers of the ex-"cise; they would make a *procès-verbal* for "rebellion." Celestin would have had no objection to kill a kid, that might be roasted; but was not at all inclined to kill an excise-

man, that is good for nothing: in consequence of which, the patache boarded us without our offering any resistance. These gentlemen, who exercise a very severe police on the river Loire, wanted to know who were the bold adventurers who declared war against the cattle. I protested that we were peaceable navigators, who had fired in the air merely to unload the gun, without any hostile intent; and, as an undeniable proof, argued, that none of the cattle had been killed, though but at fifteen paces distance. The gentlemen then seized the opportunity of asking, whether we had nothing contrary to the King's orders? to which I replied, it was my misfortune not to be acquainted with those orders; they accordingly searched very accurately, and discovered a few bottles of the best wine of Beaune. They asked me whether I had a *permission?* I answered, that I wanted no one's permission to drink when I was thirsty; but they informed me, that such as were not bearers of a permission from the director of the excise were not permitted to drink Bur-

gundy in those parts; so that our wine of Beaune was transported from our vessel on board the patache's. I had some mind of giving a good drubbing to the alguazils of the director of the excise; but my Minerva was present: Juliet stopped me with the following line from Regnard:

"Que ferez-vous, Monsieur, du nez d'un marguil-
"lier?"

"Why! what use can you make of a church-warden's
"nose?",

The quotation made me laugh; and, when I laugh, I cannot be angry: so that I suffered the patache to withdraw as quietly as she had boarded us.—"Well," said Celestin, "was I wrong when I told you they were "pirates?"—"I should forgive them," continued I, "if they had postponed their visit "till after breakfast! we have victuals "enough, but we cannot eat without drink-"ing." It was decided in council, that the breakfast should be deferred till I had replaced the wine which we had been cheated of in the King's name, and our pilot received or-

ders to put in at Langeais, a small town between Tours and Saumur.

The wine of Langeais is not remarkably good; we spoke of it a great deal, but drank very little. We were approaching our journey's end, and it was time to think of the château we were going to inhabit, of its situation, and such resources as we should want to procure. The instructions we had received on that score were not very extensive: Cervière and Miss d'Herouville had so many things besides to communicate! we gave full career to our imagination; each of us composed their little romance; and it came to pass, as is pretty often the case, that nothing occurred that we had foreseen. However, the castles in the air have this advantage: they amuse the architect without doing any body harm.

We all arrived at Saumur. I had the piano-forte packed up, we dined, and got into a berlin that carried us to Roziers: for so was the village called that we had been five days in pursuit of.

Thus ended a voyage, that will never enjoy the celebrity of Captain Cook's; but which I think proper to publish for the utility of those who may travel from Paris to Saumur.

CHAP. VIII.

DOUBLE MARRIAGE—WANDERINGS OF THE HEART AND MIND.

THE keeper received us like persons to whom he had been recommended to shew the greatest regard. He came running with his wife and two daughters to open the gates and hand us out of the carriage. Those marks of respect, however, flattered us much less than two parcels which he instantly delivered. They contained letters from our good friends in Paris: there was one from Abell, and one from Cervière. We did not wait till we entered the château, but opened them in the yard. Miss d'Herouville went reading on one side, Juliet and I on the other. From the very first line I jumped for joy; the lettre-de-cachet had been revoked—"Oh! "read on, read on," said Juliet; and her eyes were bathed with tears. Abell had brought the Curé of St. Etienne du Mont

before the officiality. Mother Jacquot and the clerk of the coach-office, who had warned me so generously, had been subpœned as evidences, and, after some enquiry, it appeared, that the Curé was a man void of morals, deficient in principles and honesty. Abell had rose against him with such vehemence, and had spread the report of the whole affair so universally, that the Archbishop of Paris was forced to send him to the house of correction at St. Lazare. Our worthy friend was not satisfied with having avenged us upon our oppressor; he knew not what it was to do things by halves; full of zeal and attachment, he went to the chief magistrate of the police with the judgment of the officiality, and offered himself as my advocate. He denied my having entered the convent; supported, that the imputation was an evident consequence of the Curé's enmity; that it was absurd to prosecute me upon the only charge of a man whose perverse intentions were but too manifest. The defence was, moreover, supported by a pressing letter from the English Ambassador. In fine, the lieutenant de police was

convinced, or pretended to be convinced, and my prosecution was ended. My beautiful, kind, and sensible Juliet, threw her arms round my neck, and said: "Now, from "this moment we become inseparable; 'tis "at present that the seal of the laws shall "confirm the oaths of love."

Miss d'Herouville continued reading; yet I could not discover in her countenance the slightest expression of joy.—"I thought it "was a letter from Cervière you had re- "ceived," said I.—"You was right," answered she, "it is."—"And you are not sa- "tisfied?"—"My brother is dead."— "Never did a man die more seasonably, no, "not even in a novel."

We went up to her, and she shewed us the letter. Her brother had interest enough to be promoted Major-General; but several Colonels of dragoons, who were elder officers than he, had complained of the injustice they sustained: one of them, more brutal than the rest, had run him through the body, and thus had sent him to join the valiant knights of his race. Cervière had no doubt but the

event would alter Mr. d'Herouville's disposition: he proposed visiting him, and by using all manner of civilities, and shewing him particular attention, to obtain his good graces. —"Your affairs begin to bear an happy "prospect," said I to Miss d'Herouville; "and you shall infallibly be Madame de "Cerviere." — "Do you believe it, my "good friend?"—"The more your father "was averse to marrying you, the more he "will be eager now in procuring you a husband; and, I think, that the father of your "child well deserves the preference."—She feigned doubtful, to have the pleasure of hearing me repeat the same thing. We comforted her, and made our entrance into the château.

It was situated on the declivity of a hill, between Saumur and Angers. The river Loire bathed the feet of the hill, and a thick wood crowned its summit. The buildings were Gothic, but pleasing to the view.—"The eye "rests with pleasure upon ancient edifices," said Juliet. "Our imagination delights to "be recalled to remote ages. My thoughts

"will be more tender when considering these "turrets; they will put me in mind of chivalry, and chivalry recalls amorous adventures."—"You have your knight by you," said Miss d'Herouville; "but mine is in "Paris"—I replied: "He will come. If "Tancrede has his Clorinda, Angelica shall "have her Medor."

The keeper conducted us to the apartments; the doors were already open to receive us; every thing was neat and clean, and the furniture was not decayed, although the château had not been inhabited a long while before. We praised his careful punctuality, and nominated him valet-de-chambre, purveyor, and house steward; his wife was appointed cook, and his daughters waiting-women in the morning, and companions in the afternoon. Every one instantly entered on the functions of their office with that hilarity which doubles the value of service.

We retired to a closet by the side of the river, from whence the eye wandered over the gay hills on the other side of the Loire, that reach farther than one can see. There

we sat to write. Juliet wrote to Abell; whom Miss d'Herouville wrote to may easily be guessed; I wrote to Calais. It was about ten years since I had forgot my native place; a very simple reflection had brought it back to my memory. In order to be united to Juliet by indissoluble bonds, I must produce at least a certificate of the parish where I had been christened. I wrote accordingly to Mademoiselle Suzon, to whom I gave a general account of my history since the time of our separation. Whilst writing, I recollected the tender attention she had shewn me during my earliest years, and, by degrees, my letter assumed as affectionate a turn as if I had foreseen the answer. I shewed it to Juliet. I had never mentioned any thing to her about my birth; neither had she ever spoken a word to me, upon the subject: she knew that I had received a heart from nature; she did not mind the rest. She looked at me very earnestly, and said: "I am satisfied with "you. A fool would have blushed: I am "glad to find you are no more ashamed of

"your humble birth than I am proud of "being the daughter of a lord."

Our carriage arrived the next day: we were no longer under a necessity of secreting ourselves, and, as soon as our horses were refreshed, we set off for Angers. Previous to our visiting our neighbours, Miss d'Herouville wanted to improve her wardrobe, which was done in a couple of days. Cervière had left two hundred louis with her, half of which she laid out at Angers.

We enquired of the keeper the names of such persons as might be agreeable company in the neighbourhood; there was but few: and, from the description he gave us, the number was almost reduced to none. But, as we could be happy amongst ourselves, we agreed to pay one single visit through politeness, to those we should not be pleased with.

One was a nobleman, who wore an embroidered coat, a sword, a grey hat, and wooden shoes: he knew of nothing but his titles and pedigree, vineyards, and poultry: such a man was no fit company for our family.

Another

Another was a rich shop-keeper, who mimicked the nobility, and could boast only of their ridicule. He was fond of saying my château, my horses, my dogs, my servants. He did not as yet presume to say my vassals, but had some thoughts of purchasing a commission of Secretary to the King. The thirst of gain had frozen his soul; he had never read any other book than Barrême on arithmetic. We were very positive never to pay a second visit to the intended Secretary to the King.

We discovered, a little farther, a countess, whose hobby it was, at the age of forty, to pass for a young lady; she continually spoke of law-suits, never drank water with her wine, and comforted herself, for her widowhood, in the company of her chaplain. We soon took our leave of the countess.

We entered next a small house, where every thing was inviting. We were received with great cordiality by a young man of five-and-twenty years of age, of the most interesting appearance. Mr. Lysi introduced us to

his lady, a very young and handsome woman, who suckled a child as beautiful as his mother, whilst an elder brother, who could hardly walk, was playing with and caressing one of her hands. The conversation of these amiable country folks interested us much. They loved each other as Juliet and I did; and our hearts found in their company suitable aliment. No one wished to be witty, and every one was so. They invited us frankly to dine with them, and we frankly accepted of the offer.

Their next neighbour was a Grand-Vicaire of Angers, whom we had determined to avoid, but from the good character we heard of him in the family, we went to pay him a visit. He welcomed us with that noble ease which speaks a gentleman of refined education. He was still young, amiable, lively, gallant to the ladies, though without assuming the air of a man of passions: he had found a very plain mode of calming his. The canons of the church prescribed a housekeeper of forty; he had chosen his in two volumes. That weakness excepted, he was a very respectable

priest, a strict observer of decorum, of a mild and tolerating temper, generous without ostentation, and was generally beloved. He was something of a musician, and, when he understood that we also cultivated music with some success, he asked leave to join in our little concerts; which was granted with the same good grace it had been solicited.

A few days after, Miss d'Herouville proposed to invite to the château the pretty nurse, her husband, and the clergyman. The keeper received our orders in his capacity of purveyor, and executed them as a skilful steward. He procured a sumptuous dinner, without any shew of ceremony. Our tastes and inclinations were nearly the same; we had a like turn of mind, and, for this once, magnificence did not murder pleasure. The priest was very agreeable to us; he gained upon us by being better known. He was a man of extensive knowledge, which he suffered to appear, but did not endeavour to make a shew of: and that I reckon true wisdom. Lysi made love to the charming,

pretty nurse, who listened to him with all the grace and candidness of nature. I remembered the remonstrances of Juliet in the boat, and continued as reserved as I possibly could.

After dinner, we had a little concert, and danced some allemandes, which the Grand-Vicaire had the complaisance to play for our amusement. We were very merry, in high spirits, and willing to go on, when a coach and some servants on horseback alighted at the gates of the château. Miss d'Herouville knew her livery, and screamed out most shockingly. Our guests, who suspected nothing, were quite abashed: Juliet ran to Miss d'Herouville's assistance, and I to the window. "Cervière is one of the party," cried I; and Miss d'Herouville was immediately quieted. A general officer stepped out of the carriage. "It is my father," said she, trembling all over. The nurse came out next, with the child in her arms, and I went to meet them.

Mr. d'Herouville had a severe countenance, that justified his daughter's apprehensions. She threw herself at his feet: he helped her

up and embraced her. "We have both been "reprehensible," said he; "but who is "exempt from faults in this world? Forget "my wrongs, and I will no longer think of "yours; this is the pledge of our reconci-"liation," placing the child in her arms: "and," continued he, "here is your hus-"band," joining her hands to those of Cervière.

The scene was totally changed from terror to joy. Mr. d'Herouville, his daughter, and Cervière retired into a private room to speak at liberty of their affairs; I remained with my guests, whose questions about what had just happened, I could not escape, as indeed they were very natural. The best method, in my opinion, in order to prevent bad interpretations and false conjectures, was to relate the history of the amours of Miss d'Herouville and Mr. de Cervière. At the commencement they were moved, and applauded at the conclusion. Juliet grew pensive. She shared sincerely in the satisfaction of her friend; but Miss d'Herouville's situation was on the point of being determined, whereas

her own was still undetermined: she was at the eve of being brought to bed, and the whole mystery must be unravelled, when the child should be christened. For the first time she was mortified. I drew the Grand-Vicaire aside, and imparted our situation. "You are very right," said he, "to confide "in me, and not to have applied to the Curé "of Rozieres: the lower clergy are very "particular. He would exact a certificate of "your christening, and another to prove, that "Madam is a Roman Catholic; you would "be exposed to disagreeable formalities, "and everlasting delays; of which I shall "exempt you." — Cervière returned, and called me.—"I have taken every necessary "measure," said he, — "I have bans pub-"lished for you as well as for myself; I have "taken a licence for the other two, and we "shall do the same here. We have been "fellow sufferers; our happiness shall bear "the same date."

The Grand-Vicaire took the paper, promised to write to Angers, to settle matters with the Curé of Rozieres, and as a reward for

his trouble, demanded the pleasure of performing the ceremony of our nuptials. Cervière took the charge of the civil contracts: Juliet and I had no other trouble, but that of waiting till we should repeat at the altar an oath we had taken a thousand times.

Mr. d'Herouville, who belonged to the high nobility, had all the virtues and vices of those of his class. He bitterly lamented the loss of his son, but would not oppose nature, that brought him back to his daughter; he regretted his name sbould be extinct, and caressed the little Cervière; he despised those who were not noblemen, and yet he granted me his esteem; he praised the simplicity of Duguesclin and Bayard, and made such preparations for his daughter's nuptials, as if he had been a prince of the blood.

The grand day arrived at last. All the nobility and gentry in the neighbourhood, the civil and military officers, both of Saumur and Angers, had been invited; all the musicians, game-keepers, and farmers of the

canton were collected. Mr. d'Herouville in the full uniform of a general officer, led his daughter, and walked at the head of the procession; Cervière conducted Juliet; I ushered Madame Lysi, and we marched to church with the sound of violins, hautboys, and firing of guns. The Grand-Vicaire was waiting for us: amiable when in the world, he appeared at the altar with all the dignity of his office. Some malicious glances were cast at Juliet, who disdained to notice them; she preserved during the whole ceremony, the calm of innocence and serenity becoming to virtue.

We returned in the same order, and were magnificently dull at dinner, as it always happens in a large company of people who have never met before, and will never meet again. Some of the guests endeavoured to be witty, the consequence was, they appeared the more stupid. Some would amuse the new married couple, but all their stories had neither head nor tail: some few displeased me, because they alluded to Juliet, who far from shewing the least resentment, joined

directly in the conversation, gave it another turn, regulated its form, and animated it at once. What could she not have animated? They forgot she had gone to church rather too late, and did justice to an accomplished woman, who embellished beauty itself by the charms of reason, and the graces of wit. They were silenced, listened to and admired her. Thus did Juliet choose to avenge herself.

Mr. d'Herouville, strict observer of formalities, opened the ball with a minuet, which he danced very well with the lady of the chief magistrate of Angers, who danced very bad. Afterwards we mingled all together, and formed country dances. Juliet would not dance; the Grand-Vicaire, Cervière, Mr. d'Herouville, and the most sensible among the rest gathered round her. They paid a regular court to her: she noticed it without vanity, only endeavouring to make herself worthy of so flattering an homage. These honours that were rendered to beauty and merit, reflected upon me. The gentlemen forgot that I had not the honour to be a

nobleman; some were kind enough to call me their dear friend: some of the ladies seemed as if they would say something to me. — "I am happy," said Juliet to me, "they admire your person. I like to have "them think you amiable, but never be so "but for me alone."

We parted, as is customary upon such occasions, when one is tired with the bustle, each party by themselves. Cervière retrieved his wife, I my Juliet, and Mr. d'Herouville wished us a good night. There are some wishes which never fail in their effect: Cervière and I made the observation the next morning.

Mr. d'Herouville declared to his son-in-law, that he must think of returning to Paris. One of the clauses in his marriage contract was, that he should purchase an office of *Président à mortier*, and Mr. d'Herouville adhered very strictly to that article: in consequence there was no time to lose to discharge the obligation. Madame de Cervière was sorry to part from us; she was very

earnest in inviting us to come and live with her till such time as we had placed our funds; but Juliet was too far gone in her pregnancy to undertake another journey; besides, she already reasoned as if she had a family.— "Our fortune is very inconsiderable," said she: "This is an agreeable and plentiful "country, where we can live cheap, and be "richer in proportion than elsewhere. Here "we have met with some people to our lik- "ing, and whom, I hope, to make good "friends of. If l'Heureux has no objection, "we shall settle here." — "A desert, and Ju- "liet," answered I. —The same answer she had returned to me formerly in other circumstances. We had but one heart, one mind, one soul.

The unmerciful Mr. d'Herouville hastened his departure with such eagerness, that we had not time to be prepared for the cruel separation. The young brides wept, and embraced each other. Cervière and I pressed each other's hands, and promised from the bottom of our hearts to be friends as long as we should live. Lysi, his lovely little wife

and the Grand-Vicaire, made some atonement for our loss, and succeeded in length of time in comforting us. Juliet became very intimate with Madame Lysi. She was of the same age, had a singular inclination towards her husband, same circumstances, similar economy; less charms, without doubt, and a less cultivated mind, but all the valuable qualifications that might interest Juliet; such was the basis upon which their connexion was founded.

I received a most voluminous letter from Mademoiselle Suzon. She entered into the particulars of my birth; informed me that Mr. Bridault had died with a gout in his stomach, and father Jean François of an indigestion. She lived upon a small pension that her master had bequeathed her; was become infirm, and would think it very agreeable if her son was by her: she offered her vows to Heaven for my welfare and happiness, and inclosed such papers as I had asked for, but which I no longer wanted.

Her very long letter was sadly written, which may be easily credited; yet sentiment pierced through every line, it penetrated my

heart. Juliet was gone to visit Madame Lysi; she returned and found me in great emotion. She enquired into the reason, when I presented the letter to her.—When she had finished reading it, she said to me: "What "do you intend to do for your mother?"— "I have nothing of my own," returned I; "it "does not belong to me to be generous." "Thou hast nothing!" continued she; "Ah! "does not every thing I possess belong to thee? "bestow it on thy mother, my dear friend! "to her I owe my husband."—I fell at her feet in a transport of admiration. I pressed them, kissed them, bathed them with tears of gratitude.—"What are you doing?" said she, "rise; I am only thy Juliet, thy "wife!"—"Thou art the image of Divi-"nity," cried I; "suffer me to adore the "noblest work of God."

She wrote with the expressions of the most loving and dutiful daughter. She offered, she promised every thing; she would have kept her word; but Heaven had decreed that I should never see my mother again. She was on the verge of dissolution when Juliet's

letter reached her: she had it read by a friend, and expired in peace.

Nature soon replaced in some measure as much as she had deprived me of. Juliet having honoured my mother, deserved to be a mother in her turn. I suffered from her pains:—"They are pleasing to me," would she say, "since they will make thee a father."—The first cries of my child resounded in my very heart: they doubled my sensations, my happiness, my being: this delicious sentiment we never experience but once. How happy I was in seeing the innocent little creature seek for, seize and press the snowy breast, imprint his rosy, and yet uncertain lips on the nipple, that emulated the budding rose. Solicitude, cares, attention, love, Juliet lavished them all on our child. How grand, how moving, how interesting that Juliet was, whose greatest pleasure was the discharge of the most sacred duty. O ye mothers! The nuptial bed is the throne of our glory.

A tender heart stands in need of a God and knows how to adore him in any place whatever. Juliet, though a Protestant, brought her child to a Roman chapel, and invoked the celestial

blessings over him. The Supreme Being heard her vows, and granted their completion; he has preserved my daughter for me; she shall be the delight of my old age, and close mine eyes.

It was time we should think of a settlement, we were still at Cervière's friend, and wished to be at our own home. The shopkeeper (Secretary to the King) had wasted part of his property; his horses, dogs, and servants had swallowed up his warehouse. Lysi purchased for us a very elegant domain; Juliet saw it, examined, and compared every thing.—"What do you think of it?" said she to me.—"You need but command," returned I; and we signed the contract.

She set herself at the head of her house; Lysi gave her lessons of agriculture and she put them into practice. She directed the labourers, assisted in gathering the harvest, encouraged the servants, who loved her; her daughter already began to smile at her and return her caresses. I was still her lover; Lysi and his wife were proud of her friendship; she collected upon herself

all those comforting sentiments which make us support life, and she diffused around her ease and happiness . . . . She was nineteen.

Five years elapsed like a day void of storm. We had heard of a revolution—the blood had streamed in the metropolis! We had bewailed the calamities which threatened France, without suspecting they would ever extend to us!—We had nothing to tempt either cupidity or ambition; happiness was our only riches. An unforeseen event brought us back into the world, and through unknown ways led us to the very brink of human misery.

For some months back Madame Lysi was affected with the most profound melancholy. She had lost her lively colour; she was pining away, she bore the affection of her husband, but no longer repaid it. She rejected the obliging attentions of Juliet; my friendship embarrassed her; she recollected she was a mother only to discharge the most indispensable duties;—a secret chagrin poisoned the very caresses of her children.

Her husband adored her and accordingly was very much afflicted at her present condition; he suffered so much the more from it, as he had never been able to discover from what cause it proceeded.—"I have lost "the confidence of my wife," would he say to us sometimes, "and yet I am positive I "have not offered her the least offence. If "I am wrong, let her speak it, that I may "give her proper satisfaction."—Juliet and I invited her to unbosom herself; we observed that her taciturnity rendered her husband miserable, and must be an addition to her own wretchedness.—"He has partaken of "your pleasures," said Juliet, "he has a "proper claim to share in your troubles.— "We no longer love him from whom we con-"ceal our confidence; Lysi is but too sensi-"ble of this sad truth; it hurts him, he is "mortified at the idea. My dear friend, do "something for your husband's sake; sooth "his heart, the pains of love are so cruel!" The truths such language conveyed struck her; she became more melancholy and an-

swered nothing. We perceived that our solicitations were troublesome to her, and that by a contradiction we could not account for, she sought our company the oftener: she spent whole days with us, and regretted being forced to leave us at night.

Juliet was gone to Angers to buy some cloaths for her child, and Lysi was obliged to go to Tours with a view of selling his wines. He departed with regret, and begged of me to keep constant company with his wife. I was left alone at home; she offered me a bed at her house; I could think of no reason to decline acceptance.

I had spent two days with her, nor had I lost sight of her one moment. She was fond of walking and leaned on my arm; pale, dejected, but for ever interesting. I spoke to her and she listened to me with satisfaction; an imperceptible smile would sometimes grace her lips: she answered only in a few insignificant words, but she spoke them spontaneously. At the end of the second day she was less reserved; the traces of her long sadness began to vanish: she shewed

me more confidence and I wished to profit by it. I requested, I beseeched, she would disclose to me the true cause of her sorrow; I addressed her with the warmth, the pressing interest of true friendship. She blushed—twice she opened her lips—twice she shut them again. I insisted, grasped her hands between mine, caressed her, chided her, intreated her anew.—"What numberless efforts," said she, "to become, perhaps, as "miserable as myself!"—"You have said "too much not to conclude."—"Is it ne"cessary I should tell you more?"—"No, "madam, I apprehend I understand you but "too well already."—"Do not reproach "me; it is you who would have it so."—"I reproach you! Expect nothing from me "but regard and consolation."—"And is "that all you offer me?" .... I had never polluted my neighbour's bed; Lysi's wife must be sacred for me! Those reflections ought to have been made previous to the committing of the fault, and it was the fault that gave rise to them.

Madame Lysi melted in tears, " I was " ready to die," said she, " for want of you, " and now I shall die for having enjoyed " you. I thought myself miserable, yet I " preserved my own esteem. Lysi could " only reproach me with my coldness, and " now I have disgraced him! Your wife " adores you and my weakness is an outrage " I have offered her! How many people are " made unfortunate at the same time? . . . " My dearest!" continued she, sobbing, " my " dear! Ah! do not despise me; I was born " for virtue; a cruel unconquerable passion " was bringing me slowly to my grave!—I " was ready to descend into it—you opposed " it. You have forced my secret from me; " you have stopped upon my lips my soul " ready to rush out . . . . . compleat your " work . . . overpower, stifle my remorse."— I was not in the habit of crime; at this one I shuddered: my situation little differed from that of Madame Lysi.—" Thou tearest thyself " from my arms—you draw away from me," cried she . . . . " L'Heureux, too charming " l'Heureux! Ah! return, return! love me,

"but tell me you love me; deceive me if "you must, and I shall bless my error."

Eight days were spent in these alternatives of repentance and weakness; there is but one moment to recant, and if we suffer it to escape, we engage farther and can no longer retrogade! — Without having thought of, without having contrived it, without having intended it, I lived in a regular connexion with Madame Lysi. It was not exactly love that she inspired me with, but a mixture of compassion, friendship, and perhaps vanity. She was happy; she told me so; and sometimes I thought I was happy myself, when the presence of Juliet did not rebuke me for my behaviour.

Madame Lysi soon recovered her health and beauty: she grew lively, gay to wantonness. Lysi and Juliet, in perfect security, rejoiced at the happy alteration; they observed her every day improving, whilst we forgot ourselves so far as to affront their security: we no longer thought it proceeded from an opinion of virtue that had forsaken us. When

people have attained that degree of depravity, they cannot even discover the point at which they will stop. Madame Lysi knew no restraint. She became haughty, tyrannical, and despised her husband. She sought for and followed me every where. She carried her imprudence so far, that Lysi's suspicions might have been awakened, if it had been in his power to suspect his wife or his friend. On my side, I neglected Juliet. She was too loving not to perceive it, and yet had too much delicacy to complain. However, she watched me close, without my surmising it. No direct measure, no questions, not a single word that could reveal her chagrin. She studied the bottom of my heart; and there she found the conviction of my infidelity.

No less than a miracle was wanting to bring me back to my duty. Juliet alone could undertake and operate it. One morning she locked herself up with me: sat a while in deep meditation, and prepared to address me with an air of tranquillity and reserve.

"I will not reproach you," said she to me, "from you I have been taught but too well,

" that we are not masters of our hearts. It " is very hard for me to have lost yours."— I wanted to interrupt her. — " No words," continued she, " hear me. If you had only " been guilty in one of those moments of " forgetfulness which men are so liable to, " and are so painful for us, I should still " retain some hopes. But for several months " past you have continued in a criminal cor- " respondence with the mother of a family, " with the wife of your best friend. You " have degraded yourself by using artifice, " fraud, and falsehood; you are reduced to " the necessity of continually deceiving those " around you, and those that were long so " dear to you. Those aggravating circum- " stances speak either a violent passion or a " depraved soul, and in either case we must " part."

At this terrible word, the idea of which I could never have conceived, the veil was torn from before my eyes, which I cast down, not daring to look at Juliet. I compared those serene and pure days I had spent with

her, to the fantastical and delusive happiness I enjoyed in the arms of Madame Lysi. I could not dissemble, that I had attached myself to a woman, much to be pitied, no doubt, but who was become contemptible. What a gainer Juliet was, from the rapid comparison I made of her and Madame Lysi! If ever virtue has inhabited upon earth, it is under the form of Juliet, that she has deigned to communicate herself to mortals. To Juliet I was indebted for some talents, some estimable qualifications, and especially for my past happiness, which she had purchased at the price of all the sacrifices a sensible woman could offer to love; and the blackest ingratitude had been her recompence. My heart was ready to burst: I shed torrents of tears.

"Part, must we part!" exclaimed I in a faultering voice!—"Have we not parted already?" said she, "will you require I shall witness "longer the triumph of a rival?"—"Madame "Lysi the rival of Juliet!"—"Yes, my hap"py rival too she is; I am refused the sad "consolation of doubting it. I shall seek for

" refuge at Madame de Cervière's".—" I shall
" follow you there. I quit, I give up every
" thing to be irrevocably attached to thee.
" If it is possible Juliet could live without
" me, I am sensible I cannot exist without
" her. Shall a soul like thine be inaccessi-
" ble to my regret? should I be prostrate
" at thy feet if I was a vicious man? Should
" I bathe them with my tears if thou hadst
" forfeited thy power over my heart? Be-
" hold the father of thy daughter, thy
" husband, thy lover sueing for mercy.—
" Forgive me—forgive me!—Permit me to
" breathe the sweet breath of virtue."—
Juliet helped me up, and told me to sit by the side of her.—" Such are my terms," said she; " I believe you are sincere at this pre-
" sent moment; but you are frail, and I am no
" stranger to the impression you must have
" made upon the heart of Madame Lysi. She
" will neglect nothing to attract you, but I
" will not, I shall not be the sport of the
" passion with which you have inspired
" her. I persist in my design. I insist upon
" going to Madame Cervière's, and you con-

"tinuing here a few days more. During "that time, you will be at leisure to consult "your inclination, and to try your strength; "to choose between Madame Lysi and me." —"My choice is fixed; Juliet, Juliet for "ever, none but Juliet!"—"Well! after hav-"ing met with her again, after having given "her warning that you part eternally, if you "resist her supplications, and her tears; if "you come to me without the aid of my "soliciting, you shall recover your wife, and "such as she has ever been to you." I wanted to take her hand; she withdrew it, and went out of the apartment.

Juliet was incapable of not keeping her resolution, and prepared every thing for her departure. She pitied Lysi sincerely, and took her leave of him in the most affectionate manner. She received the feigned caresses of his wife with cold dignity, and left me without apparent signs either of satisfaction or sorrow. I followed her to her carriage. I supplicated, I suffered, I was inanimate. She suffered me to lay hold of her hand; I pressed it, but her's was mute, and did not

return my kindness. I kissed my child, and surrendered her to her mother; and she embraced her at the very place where my lips had pressed: that kiss of her's was healing to my wound. She departed, and I retired to my apartment. I found a note from Juliet on the table, which contained the following words: "If you have fortitude enough to "break off, use no acrimony. Don't forget "the regard a man owes to our sex, even to "those who deserve it the least."

Madame Lysi entered the room, and congratulated me on the absence of my wife.—"That absence will not be long," said I.—"She will return!"—"I shall go and join "her."—"I forbid you."—"I only stopped "to deplore with you the blindness which "has but too long led us astray; to restore "you to your husband, to yourself, to your "children; to repair as much as lies in my "power the disorder I have occasioned in "your family."—"You can say nothing but "what I have already addressed to myself," said she. "It is useless to employ arguments "or maxims. Nothing can bring me back to

" the point from which I departed, and long " it is since I have shut my eyes against the " depth of the abyss which at first fright- " ened me."—" Mine are now open, Ma- " dam; I am sorry to chagrin you, but we " must part, we absolutely must."

I expected that she would rave, and that I should grieve; but Madame Lysi was no more attached to her lover than to her husband. That woman, formerly so meek, so modest, was familiarized with, and had the expression of vice, and no longer knew how to blush. O ye women! O ye who have set but one foot in the path of crime, who at intervals can hear the voice of alarmed conscience, beware of shifting its persuasions; fly from the seducing object, surround your hearts with a double cuirass; you are ignorant to what degree of degradation a modest woman my descend.

In obedience to Juliet's orders, I stopped two days longer. Madame Lysi avoided meeting me: her unfortunate husband bestowed such proofs of friendship upon me, as afflicted me for the first time. I did not deserve

them. He was so kind as to take the charge of letting our little estate upon lease. I left an authority with him for that purpose, and took the road to Tours on foot, in order to save part of the small income, which I thought I had no longer a right to dispose of.

In proportion as I moved from Rozieres, I felt more easy; I breathed with more facility; I congratulated myself on my victory; I flattered myself I should see more happy days still. "I am no longer an immoral, forlorn "being," said I; "soon shall I be united to "my wife and daughter." I ran, I flew; my vigour could hardly second my impatience. I walked nineteen leagues from Rozieres to Tours without resting. I had taken a piece of bread in my pocket, and, when my dry tongue would stick to my palate, I quenched my thirst in the Loire, and proceeded on my journey.

I did not expect to find Juliet before I had reached Paris; but was forced to stop at Tours to rest myself a little. I entered that very same inn where, a few years before, I had spent so agreeable a night. My daughter

was in the yard, playing with the children of the house. As soon as she saw me, she came running to salute me.—" Where is your mo-" ther?"—" Oh! she is very ill."—" She " is very well now," cried Juliet, running into my arms; " she has recovered l'Heureux " and her happiness."—She pressed me to her bosom, welcoming me with the tenderest caresses, whilst the impression of joy increased her beauty. I did not speak; I had not strength enough to utter a syllable; all I had left was taken up with the sensation of new felicity. She invited me into her room, and there I fell on my knees before her.—" Let the guilty humble themselves," said she, whilst helping me to rise: " the man " who has not forfeited his virtue, has re-" trieved my esteem: and if my love, my " ever constant love, is held by him in esti-" mation, let him enjoy it, relish it, and dry " up its very source in torrents of pleasure " and voluptuousness."

She had struggled very hard to conceal from me how much she was hurt at my misconduct. The insensibility which she had

affected when she left me, and which her heart was far from feeling; the apprehension of having lost me for ever; the combination of all these motives had wrought very deeply upon her; so that, when she arrived at Tours, she was in a high fever.—" The tranquillity " of the soul," said she to me smiling, " is " the best of all physicians."—In fact, the fever did not return.

We proceeded on our journey, and arrived in Paris, more passionately in love than we had ever been. Cervière and his lady welcomed us as we expected; but sadness was conspicuous on their countenances. Their house, formerly the abode of splendour and magnificence, had lost its former grandeur. Cervière had lost his commission: Mr. d'Herouville had emigrated; his property was confiscated, and his daughter had nothing left besides the love of her husband.—" We " are reduced to the mere necessaries of life," said Cervière to me; " but we will share them " with you till such time as a lucrative situa- " tion will supply the mediocrity of your in- " come. You are not born, like myself, in

"a proscribed class of men; you are still in
"that age when people will interest themselves in your behalf, and you are fit for any thing: merit as yet is free from persecution; come forward, solicit, and, if those who are now at the helm of government are really well-wishers to their country, they will employ you."

Juliet was of the same opinion with Mr. de Cervière. Proud of her husband, she was desirous he should distinguish himself from the common class of men; that he should attract the public attention, and claim general esteem and gratitude. The opportunity was favourable; she advised me to seize it with avidity.

My inclinations agreed pretty much with Juliet's and Mr. de Cervière's. I was not an ambitious man, but harboured that noble emulation, which is inseparable from some share of merit, and I determined to think seriously of my preferment.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

I COULD hardly know Paris again. No coaches, no gildings, no industry, no gaiety. The work-shops were empty; the hotels were desolate; nettles and thistles grew in the yards; inquietude and uneasiness darkened every eye; sadness had taken possession of every heart. Princes ran about the streets dressed like Carmagnoles; duchesses in linen gowns; stock-jobbers in their curricles. My taylor was inspector of the horses for cavalry; my hair-dresser was become purveyor to the army; my brewer was a general, and my butcher was a legislator. Every individual in France seemed to have exchanged situations together.

I could read every where these words written in large characters, *equality or death!* and yet no one consented to be the equal of his

neighbour: the man in office no longer recollected his equal who had elected him; the man lately become rich despised the unfortunate, whom he had plundered: every one was conscious he was not the equal of such a man as might cut his head off in the name of equality: as for me, I was well convinced that a dwarf is not the equal of a giant, nor a fool the equal of Collins the comic author; nor a sign-painter the equal of David. Equality was only written on the walls; it ought to have resided in the tribunals.

The three-coloured flag was hoisted at every window; notwithstanding which, the nation seized the house whenever it was wanted.

So far the cockade has been a sign of rallying, and each party wore the cockade. When every body wears it, it is exactly the same as if there was no cockade at all.

Amidst the political storms, Fashion had still preserved her empire. In the 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries, the men wore a cassock that came down to their feet; their heads were covered with a capouch, with a

pad at the top, and a tail that fell behind: under Charles V. they wore their cassocks covered with coats of arms; under Charles VI. their dress was of two colours, like those of the beadles: under Francis I. they left the long dress to assume quite the opposite extreme; they adopted the coat with small skirts, and the tight pantaloon. Under the reign of Henry II., Francis II., Charles IX., Henry III., and Henry IV., they dressed in the same style as we have seen since the running footmen, only they wore a cloak the latter had not assumed. Under Lewis XIV. every man would wear a wig, and that so voluminous, that some hung down to the waist. The coat came no lower than the knee, but was so very wide that you could now-a-days make a pair of breeches and two waistcoats out of the stuff required for the cuffs and folds only. Under Lewis XV. the dress ceased being ridiculous; the young men left off wearing wigs, and coloured powders were invented. The beaus accordingly wore either yellow, grey, black, or pink coloured powder.

Under Francis II. the men imagined that a big belly gave them a majestic air, and the women that big posteriors ought to produce the same effect. Accordingly, they wore false bellies and false backsides. When I left Paris, the ladies were pleased with looking like wasps; consequently they were very tight about the waist, and wore bouffantes. When I returned, they thought it looked better to resemble a plank; they all appeared as long and flat as the sword of Charlemagne. The men no longer wore wigs, but the ladies could not do without. I have seen fair women wear black wigs, and brown women wear light-coloured wigs, which indeed fitted them all amazingly well.

Under the same Francis II. the women on a sudden took it into their heads to cover their faces with a kind of mask, which they called *loup*. This fashion was undoubtedly introduced by some ugly woman of quality, or some jealous husband; however, they all wore masks, whether they went to the ball, to the church, to the theatre, or to the public walks. On my return to Paris, the young men had

found it very advantageous to cover half of their faces with huge spectacles, and by such means to look like so many runagates from the Quinze-Vingts *. The men wore waistcoats and pantaloons of coarse woollen stuff, their hair flat and greasy, their stockings splashed over with mud, and dirty hands; all of which were the insignia of true patriotism: in addition, they wore a red cap on grand occasions. The young men, since, have had their hair dressed *en chien canard*; no doubt, to give their mistresses an high opinion of their fidelity: they have also assumed three or four waistcoats of different colours, and breeches half way down the calf of the leg. In order to be well made at present, a man must have very long thighs, and very short legs.

The fashion extended its empire over the very language. They had renounced that of Racine: perhaps, it will be in fashion again

* An hospital for the reception of 300 blind, either male or female.

by and by. However, it was considered as indecent to be intelligible, and above all things to be articulate. They suppressed all the *r*'s, and, for want of ideas, made use of words.

The great men of the day had thought proper to assimilate themselves to the great men of antiquity. They scorned being called *Anthony*, *William*, or *Boniface*; but you had Mr. *Aristides*, Mr. *Decius*, Mr. *Cato*, Mr. *Brutus*; and these gentlemen resembled their new patrons no less than King *Theodore* of Corsica resembled *Gengis-Kan*. Madam *Decius* and Madam *Cato*, who formerly washed silk stockings, concealed their red corset under lawn gowns; swept the streets with fine lace trimmings, for fear of shewing their dirty fustian petticoats, if they had held them up. They wear rings on every finger, which they wash pretty regularly once a day. They learn to read in books bound in Morocco with gilt leaves. Formerly, they used to say: *I loves not*; now they say, *I loveth not*, which is much more pleasing to the ear. They assume an affected tone when they leave off

swearing; and if, now and then, they tear each other's caps off, it is only in private. They have not as yet presumed to sport a carriage, but begin to cover their baptismal filth with rouge.

Men of great genius composed little comedies in one, two, or three acts, in order to convince the public, grammatically, that *thou* was a singular, and *you* a plural; that one man is *thou*, and not *you*; and the public applauded at the ingenuity of the discovery. The National Convention, who happened not to be better engaged that day, invited all the true French to give up the *you*, and to be satisfied with being *thou*. *Thou*, indeed, was very agreeable when spoken to a handsome woman, inclined to return it; accordingly, *thou* was in fashion, like many more things. *Thou* found its way from the *boudoirs* to the tribune, the administrations, and the tribunals. In every office you could read: "Here we "*thou* each other: shut the door if *you* "please."

So far ridicule only had prevailed, and ridi-

cule is not dangerous. But ignorance, bad taste, perversity, atrocious barbarity, became the fashion in their turns. The heart bleeds at the recollection of those excesses; the pen refuses its assistance to describe them.

War was first declared against the arts. The *Misanthrope*, *Métromanie*, *Philinte* of Moliere, and the *Célibataire*, were condemned as uncivilized performances; because counts, marquisses, and gold laced coats were introduced, and that, besides, their was no *thouing*. The ancient pieces were proscribed on that account, and the *Aristides* and *Deciuses* took possession of the scene: and you must either submit to the change, or be reckoned among the bad citizens. Soon after, such men of letters as were possessed of common sense, were expressly forbidden to write upon any other but patriotic subjects, and those patriotic pieces were satires intended to bring such or such party into credit. Censure was re-established in the name of liberty. A former servant of Suard, who had learned to read in his master's anti-chamber, was appointed to clip the wings of genius. His in-

tended successors were two fellows who spelt *polisse* instead of *police*. Those who were well qualified to maintain the honour of the letters, were frightened at the innovation, and withdrew. But, to make amends, forty or fifty raw blockheads wrote so much, and so much again, that they succeeded in perverting the taste, murdering reason, and stupifying the public: and that the leaders wanted. Rogues are ever fearful of being seen in day light. The colleges had been shut, and continued shut: republicans have no occasion to learn to read. They preserved, however, some remnants of the dead languages. We have metres, kilometres, and miriagrams, renewed from the Greeks, by Greeks who *murder* the French.

No cause, no effect. The world exists, therefore there must be a cause. Which is it? all men pretend to know it: it is impenetrable. From the weakness and pride of man all religions arose; each has its miracles, and ridicules each other, provided the spirit of party does not awaken the passions, and make torrents of blood overflow the globe.

The ancient religions are no longer to be apprehended; they are now deprived of the marvellous, which excites enthusiasm, and a religion without enthusiasm is reduced to almost nought; none attend to it but old women, or some few men of weak organs, who believe without examination, and spend part of their days kneeling before their chimera; and such people never disturb the social order. It would be cruel to deprive them of their comforting errors; it would be cruel to persecute them. The sacred vases were brought to the mint at noon, and, on the way, the carmen would have them serve to the vilest use; they wore the sacerdotal habits in derision. The God of the French was silent; but the fervor of the French was revived. The empty temples had been shut, and the people came in crowds to the gates of the temples; the priests were persecuted, and, from that moment, the priests inspired interest in their behalf. Instead of attaching them to the new government by gentle means, and by a becoming allowance, they were incensed from violence and contempt: they were allowed

but a small portion of very bad paper, and they accordingly began to intrigue; they were proscribed, and they then fomented the war of La Vendée: they were drowned, and their sectaries declared them martyrs.

It would have been a wise political measure not to abuse the clergy; the experience of ten centuries must have taught what influence they have over the generality of men. It is true, that most of the priests deserved no indulgence; such curates, for instance, as took the oath with a view of being appointed rectors; and such rectors as informed against their bishops, in order to be promoted to the bishopricks. Some abjured their God, in order to obtain lucrative employments, and live in licentiousness, during the disorders inseparable from a revolution. The less impudent married their concubines; others married through interest, and yet retained their former maid servants through habit and debauchery: almost all of them were united to prostitutes: a vile being can never associate but with a being as mean and contemptible as himself.

Some marriages were found to be ill matched; divorce was authorised, the passions were let loose, all social bonds were broke. The wife renounced public esteem, and thought she could do without it. She gave herself up to the obscenities of several men, whom a senseless law denominated her husbands, and yet they were so daring as to pronounce the word *virtue*, whose lives were sullied by the lava of vice. Some men abused the barbarous law to beguile and ruin innocence. They swore love and fidelity to virgins who longed to be deflowered, with an intent of sacrificing them to vain and impotent regret. And such is the degradation of those supposed husbands, that their victims languish, wither, and die; incapable of finding a man willing to be their successor.

The bastards were legitimated. The licentious man was permitted to avow the offspring of his lust, and to strip in his favour, the lawful heirs of a virtuous wife. What is to become of an unfortunate mother, whose dear children are exposed to a similar persecution? She is forsaken, her husband

despises her, and the recollection of her shame is all she has left for her portion.

Every thing tended to a general disorganization. The people being stunned by the rapidity of the events, knew not what they were either to hope for or to dread. Deprived of their government, laws, morality, and wanting even bread, they beheld their persecutors insulting their misery, whilst bedawbing the walls of the metropolis with addresses to the Sovereign People. What a sovereign, great God! They were flattered, deceived, misled, and ruined in their own name, and yet were not sensible of it. They stopped to read those bills, the purport whereof they did not comprehend, acted as they were prescribed, and followed the factions of every party. They cried alternately: long live the king, and down with the tyrant: they cried, long live Péthion, and they proscribed Péthion. The people acted on the 10th of August, the 7th and the 31st of May. They carried Marat to the Pantheon, and afterwards threw him into the lie stall.

They adored Robespierre for a while, and loaded him with imprecations at the moment of his death. The credulity of the people is the patrimony of those who know how to impose upon them.

Crime alone could be safe in the midst of the dreadful disorder. When a country is torn by contrary factions, which check, bruise, and overpower each other, to be overpowered in their turn by a more powerful or expert party, the public weal is but a word which the leaders abuse to mask treachery, rapine, and murder. Virtue must either hide itself or be sacrificed.. Crime alone dares to rear up his hideous head; hovers in the air, chuses his victims, and strikes the mortal blow: the survivors bewail their loss, and remain stupidly silent.

A revolutionary tribunal was established. The French territory was covered with innumerable Bastilles; one half of the nation rivetted the fetters of the other half. Carts filled with proscribed individuals were brought daily before the tribunal, which sent them to be executed without examina-

tion, or even hearing their defence. The jury declared upon their conscience they were sufficiently informed, by having the names of the accused. They were either *aristocrats*, *moderates*, *federalists*, or *suspected*, according as the appellation served the rage of the tyrants who wanted to sacrifice them. The people become ferocious, would follow the carts; and such as insulted the miseries of his fellow creatures, was not aware that his head must fall as soon as it should prove useless, or burdensome to his tyrants.

I had successively filled several offices with the strict probity of a man who knows and adheres to his duty: I had been as often dismissed, owing to my probity, which was a nuisance to the designs of some certain men, against whom I reflected silently. I had a number of enemies, for this only reason, I had served my country with zeal and courage. The habit of juridical murder was not yet in fashion, so that they did not think of assassinating me. The hatred of my enemies was satiated with my being removed from my office.

Juliet perceived the clouds were gathering over our heads; she foresaw the explosion. In compliance with her request, I determined to re-enter the class of those obscure beings, who were indebted for their lives to that very obscurity. However, paper being in discredit, our income was reduced to a mere nothing; talents were no longer a desideratum, so that I could hardly derive any advantage from those I was possessed of. We were on the verge of want; my feeling soul anticipated its horrors, nor could I view Juliet or my daughter, without sighing inwardly on the doom that threatened them.

So long as I held a lucrative employment, I supported Cervière and his family, who were in very bad circumstances, and yet those good friends were so generous as to second Juliet's intreaties: they preferred my personal safety to all the rest. We suffered in company when Cervière was suddenly affected with a profound sadness, which I first ascribed to privations which he was unaccustomed to. I entered

entered into an explanation with him on the subject. His soul was above the vicissitudes of fortune; but was not inaccessible to fear. He had witnessed his best friends being sent to the scaffold, he was afraid of losing his life; nor indeed were his apprehensions ill founded.

One evening we sat all together, according to our usual habit; we were at supper, and derived some consolation from being surrounded by our wives and children: we heard a rap at the door. Cervière's eldest son ran to open it; and let in the alguazils who were come to apprehend his father. They occupied the whole room before we could prepare for our defence. The impending danger revived Cervière's energy: he appeared great, calm, and strong in his innocence. He followed his guards, and left us to comfort his wife.

The seals were put upon all his papers and goods, even upon those of Madame de Cervière, who was deprived of every resource. She had two children, and not a morsel of

bread to give them. I wanted to solicit the support of some virtuous men, and try to procure some employment, to become a useful member of society, and earn enough to support my wife and daughter, and my friend's family: Juliet positively opposed it. She reckoned dignities for nothing, and opulence for very little. She only lived for love, her passion was her life, her whole soul was devoted to love.—"No," said she, "no, "you shall not endanger your life; I con-"sent to lose every thing I possess, provided "I preserve you. Let us sell our estate, "perhaps we may see the day when we may "replace it. Extremes are next neighbours: "a new order of things may arise from the "bosom of chaos."

I sent my authority to Lysi. He sold our estate, and we received assignats to the amount of one million of livres. This made me more easy in my mind, and I divided my whole attention between Juliet, her friend, and our children. By dint of artifice and great pains, I found means of conveying some assistance to Cervière, and of visiting

him: and argued such motives of consolation, which I mistrusted myself. I assured him that his wife was far from feeling inquietude; that she solicited and expected to procure his deliverance, whilst all her schemes were unsuccessful, and she was overwhelmed with grief, and pining away in our arms. Juliet attended her night and day. She endeavoured to revive her courage, but there was not one single spark remaining in her heart. Juliet, whom friendship made miserable, entertained besides great apprehensions for the object of her love: she was very cautious to conceal the painful sentiments which agitated her alternately: I also endeavoured to confine my sorrows within my breast: our children were too young to form an idea of foresight, and of course were at least strangers to misery.

One day, oh! fatal day! deplorable day, which shall never be erased from my memory, a news-hawker cried under my windows, that the members of the parliament of Paris were going to take their trial. Madame de Cervière

jumped out of bed, dressed herself, notwithstanding our remonstrances, went out in spite of our efforts to prevent her, and ran to the tribunal.—"Follow her," said Juliet to me, "follow her; she will be undone if you "do not."—I joined her; wanted to bring her back; she would not listen to me, and I accompanied her.

We entered the room where the tribunal was sitting, and discovered Cervière amongst his fellow magistrates. A numerous guard surrounded them; the debates were already begun. Madame de Cervière, pale and dejected, cast her eyes alternately on her husband and his judges. At the least word that was said in defence of her accused husband, she recovered; she breathed like a person who had just thrown down a heavy burden; one unfavourable word replunged her into mournful dejection. The muscles of her face extended, and were convulsed: as for me, I confess I was deceived with regard to the fate that waited the unfortunate Cervière. But from the first interpellation, at the manner in which they received his answer, I judged that

his condemnation had been resolved upon, even before he was brought to the bar.

The judges retired to give their votes. Who can imagine the torture of a doating wife, a constant prey for a whole hour to all the excruciating horrors of poignant uncertainty! Alas! she was but too soon made certain of her misfortune. The fatal sentence was pronounced, and despair took possession of her soul: she issued loud shrieks, and the eyes of the whole assembly were turned towards her. She cursed the perverseness of the judges, and the imbecility of the people who basely applauded their assassinations: she was arrested. I withheld her during a second; but, I must own it, the fear of being lost for Juliet hindered me from undertaking to protect her; besides, what could I have done? She was dragged to the seat of death, and her husband was brought a second time to receive his sentence of dying doubly, either by dying before the eyes of his wife, or seeing her die first.

I was seized with horror and indignation.

I returned home in a state of stupor which absorbed all my faculties. I seized the two orphans, set them on my knees, and wept over them. "We are their only parents "now," said I to Juliet; "we shall not for- "sake them."—"Forsake them!" returned she, "No, they shall partake, with my Ce- "cilia, of my bread, my care, my affection."

The very same day they were turned out of their father's house, which we left also. We sought a refuge in a garret, where we concealed our sorrows and apprehensions under the garb of distress, that threatened to assail us. Our assignats lost daily of their former value; and it was possible that, in the course of two months, we should not have one left. To what sad reflections this deplorable situation gave rise! Had not it been for my foolish partiality to Madame Lysi, we might have lived very quiet at Rozieres. That little estate, so long as Juliet had the management of it, would have supplied all our wants. I had destroyed her repose, I had squandered away her fortune; I exposed her to all the horrors of indigence; a greater mis-

fortune, the unavoidable consequence of my misconduct, awaited her. I was tormented; my conscience upbraided me; my existence was burdensome. One night, as I was labouring under painful dreams, I started from my sleep, crying out: "My love is the only "thing she has left."—"And that love is "every thing," replied she, pressing me in her arms. "Without that love no happiness; "with that love no wretchedness."—"You "did not sleep then!"—"No, but I was "thinking of you."—"With sorrow?"—"Thy image is for ever pleasing."—It was thus that she upbraided me with her calamities.

We were obliged to recur to labour. Juliet, the daughter of an English Peer, procured some work at a ready made linen warehouse, and thanked heaven for having granted the favour. I returned to my paintings, but nobody would buy them; and I bought a pad. Oh! how much we repented not having followed Abell's advice. England would have offered us an asylum, and we seemed condemned to

want a refuge in my own country; but it was now too late to adopt his former plan. Abell had been appointed to the Embassy of Switzerland. Could we go to London without protection, resources, or any other recommendation but our poverty, to implore the assistance of distant relations, whom we were entire strangers to? Besides, the war raged throughout Europe; it was impossible to obtain a passport, and the inquisitorial roads were over-watched.—"Let us work," said Juliet, with her wonted fortitude and resignation: "let us work: the produce is certain; "let us be satisfied with that, and renounce "all chimeras."

I established my station in the yard of the coach-office. As I was in the vigour of age, the heaviest burdens were those I preferred, as being the most profitable. I spent whole days engaged in hard labour; the sweat streamed from my body; sometimes I was fatigued, but I thought of Juliet, and recovered my strength. How glad I was to bring home to her what I had earned in the day! how she relished the bread that I had gained!

the messes she prepared were so delicious! When we were assembled at night, the caresses of my Cecilia, the gratefulness of Cervière's poor children, the love of Juliet, and mine, formed a moving picture, which restored our souls to peace, and our hearts to joy.

In the mean time, as I was not accustomed to violent exercise, the continual fatigues I had undergone, had impaired my health. I wanted repose, but Juliet wanted me to work, and I exerted myself with the same ardour. She perceived how much I wasted, begged I would not work so hard, and take care of myself. I promised, but went on the old course, and came home in a burning fever. Juliet, my ever kind and precious Juliet, nursed and consoled me; she could even summon fortitude enough to smile at me. She had soon spent the little money we had saved; and watched the moment I was asleep to go and sell her shifts to supply my wants. I should have died if I had known it. I recovered at length, and was indebted for my life to her attention: I owed her every thing.

My uneasiness returned with my health. What should I do? What was to become of us? Juliet would not suffer me to resume my former labour; she absolutely would not. I insisted; she threw my instruments into the fire.—"I must go begging then," said I, heaving a deep sigh; "Oh! the idea is in-"supportable."—"We have enough left to "live four days."—"And after that? . . . ." —"Who knows what change may take "place."—The post-man called me from the street. I ran down, and received a letter. I knew the hand instantly, and hurried up stairs, crying: "Here is a letter from Abell." —"He has answered my expectation; you "shall be saved," said Juliet, embracing me. She had reckoned the time our little cash was to last, and, too proud to solicit for herself, she had not blushed at begging for my sake. Abell was the only friend we had left; to him she had applied, and her letter had reached him under the cover of one of the chief magistrates of Basle.

Abell, in his offers, went far beyond our most sanguine hopes. He sent us a draught

upon his banker for four thousand livres in hard cash, and pressed us to go and join him, never to part again.—“ I had married through “ reason,” said he in his letter; “ my wife “ was a respectable woman; I have lost her, “ but I have got a son, whom I intend shall “ be the husband of your Cecilia. If it has “ not been my lot to constitute Juliet's hap- “ piness, let me contribute to it in the person “ of her daughter.”

How delicate such proceedings! what a mode of disguising a benefit! he had foreseen every thing: he facilitated to us the means of obtaining a passport, and inclosed letters from several merchants in Basle, who invited me to repair thither, in order to treat for a very considerable cargo of provisions: those good Swiss, although we were unknown to them, had consented to be subservient in rescuing us from oppression. Juliet had not apprized me of her writing to Abell: as she was uncertain whether her letter would reach him, she was not willing to offer delusive joy. How happy she was, how happy we were both at the perusal of his answer!

What a worthy man that Abell was! I could only compare him to Juliet.

I ran to the banker's, who paid me the money, and I brought it home. I next went to my section for a passport; and in order to remove all obstacles, produced the letters from the Swiss merchants. They were long examining them, and asked me a number of questions, to which I answered in a general and satisfactory manner, for such people as those I had to deal with. They praised my zeal, that prompted me to supply the public wants, delivered me a passport, and directed me to have it examined and ratified at the Commune. I went there accordingly, and entered the office for passports: I presented my papers to a man sitting at a table, with a red cap on; he took them without either lifting up his head, or deigning to speak a single word to me. He read the letters from Switzerland over and over, pulled some others out of a drawer, seemingly comparing the different hands: at last he laid hold of the passport; I thought he was going to sign it: "Jean l'Heureux!" exclaimed he, turning

towards me.—Good God! it was the Curé of St. Etienne-du-Mont. I shuddered at the very sight of him: I had forfeited my head. The villain had publickly renounced the God whom his conduct had so long blasphemed. He had assumed the name of *Brutus*; informed against, and persecuted virtue: he had wished to become the favourite of Robespierre, and had succeeded by dint of numerous crimes.—"What is your "business in Switzerland?" said he to me, scorning to conceal his rage. —"Do not "my papers inform you?"—"I suspect thee." —"I believe so."—"Is thy wife here?"— "What is that to you?"—"Answer me; I "command you, in the name of the law."— "Of the law! there are no more laws if you "are their organ."—Two of his worthy brethren drew near, and he composed himself, saying, "call again to-morrow, and I shall "deliver thy passport."

I was very much alarmed, and uncertain what step I should take. When such *Brutus's* have an arbitrary power over the lives of the citizens, their authority begins to stagger; it

falls with the popularity that promoted it; the people's eyes are open at last, and I thought the moment could not be far off, when that happy revolution was to take place. I might have left Paris immediately by means of my card of safety. If I had been alone, I might have concealed myself in the woods, or the quarries, and wait for the day of public vengeance. But where could I go without a passport, with a wife and child, both incapable of resisting a wandering life, and who had endured so much fatigue already? Three persons, without a home, are soon noticed; and the moment we should be seen, we must expect to be arrested. After having reflected some time, I thought that perhaps my apprehensions were exaggerated. *Brutus* no doubt wished to ruin me; no doubt but he had it in his power; yet his signature alone was not sufficient to issue a mandate of arrest, neither could I believe that men were so depraved, as to admit that his colleagues, would sign one against me, merely to gratify his passions. I did not presume he could think of apprehending me when I returned

to the Commune. I might denounce him to his colleagues; and it would suffice, if one amongst the number had retained the least sense of humanity, to shelter me from apprehension. All that I had to fear was, some of those artful snares, which, however, are not productive of their full effect in the course of twenty-four hours, and I resolved to return to the Commune: according to my opinion, this was the less dangerous measure.

I went home, said nothing to Juliet of what had happened to me; loaded my pistols, put them in my pocket, and continued to attend my business. The next day I repaired to the Commune. *Brutus* was absent, which I looked upon as a good omen. The man whom I met at the office addressed me civilly enough, which revived my confidence. My pistols were seen to fill my waistcoat pockets; he asked, what I intended to do with them? I answered, that I had bought them for my journey. — He desired to look at them: —I was so imprudent as to let him have them in his hands. — "Why are they

"loaded?" said he.—I knew not what to answer.—"*Brutus* has spoken the truth," continued he, "you are a villain."—Hope is the last sentiment that dies within the human breast. I expected to persuade this man by dint of patience and docility. I related to him all the persecutions we had endured from *Brutus*. I described my misfortunes and his baseness: Juliet's virtue and his turpitude. He answered with a sneer, tore my passport, and rung a bell. Enraged at being served so, I was going to rush upon him, but he kept me at a distance with my own arms. The guard entered the room, and he delivered to them a mandate of arrest. Exasperated at having surrendered my pistols, and viewing my ruin as certain, I wished to see Juliet before I died, and to breathe her sweet breath for the last time. On both sides, I knocked down those who offered to apprehend me; I opened my passage as far as the steps that go to the Place de Grêve: they pursued me, but I had the start of them: they hallooed out: "stop, stop the *aristocrat!*" and

the

thepost of the Grêve came running out of the guard-house to check my passage. I turned on another way. The repeated cries of "stop "him! stop him!" brought numbers of people to the spot, who offered to seize me. I took up a stone, and struck without intermission at all that dared to oppose me; they were all terrified; I had nearly effected my escape, when a butcher flung his stick at my legs, and I fell down. Ten men seized me at a time; the guard were so dastardly as to beat me with the butt end of their firelocks. I could hear the mob cry fom all parts: "*Put* "*the aristocrat to death!*" Brutus, however, wanted me to live a little longer: his colleague opposed their design, and I was brought to the Luxembourg.

The unfortunate are generally compassionate. One of the prisoners dressed my wounds, and offered me some food, which I refused. I called out to Juliet and my Cecilia. I defied, I despised death; but my heart was broke at the idea of leaving them to wretchedness and infamy. Jealousy was kindled in my breast,

and increased my misery. I tore my hair and clothes. I had but one cry, and that was after Juliet: I suffered only on her account; I regretted Juliet alone, I felt that I loved her to distraction at the moment I must lose her for ever. My grief and bemoanings brought all the prisoners flocking around me. Young, handsome, and sensible women sympathized in my grief; tender hearts attract, understand, and answer each other. They could not bid me to hope; they knew that the tigers never spare their prey: they invited me to be resigned; they were so themselves, and yet they loved. The sex is equal to us in virtue, sometimes surpass us in fortitude, make us cherish life, and help us to bear death.

I blushed at my own weakness; resumed the man, and determined to die like a hero! —I then thought of preparing myself for my last hour.

CHAP. X.

CONCLUSION.

ALTHOUGH in prison, we had means of conveying letters: I wrote to Abell. I recommended to him his Juliet, who was no longer permitted to be mine; I intreated him to atone for the outrages of fortune. I prescribed nothing particular, as I trusted his own heart. I only advised him to have the Swiss Resident in Paris claim her, and to send a trusty man for her. I concluded, with thanks for all the good offices he had lavished upon me. "My last sigh," said I, "shall be devoted to love; the last but one "to you."

I afterwards wrote to Juliet. I informed her of my imprisonment, of what had occasioned it, and of my impending end.—"Weep," said I, "but retain fortitude enough to be

" comforted. Live for thy daughter, for thy " own sake. Pardon me for that love which " I have inspired thee with, although I did not " deserve it; pardon me for those faults " which have brought affliction upon thee, " the remembrance of which will follow me " into my grave; pardon me for having been " the author of thy miseries, and hasten to " improve thy condition. A virtuous man " adores thee. I surrender thee into his " hands. Grant him the due reward of ten " years constancy; bestow a father upon thy " Cecilia; and if it be true that we do in " part survive ourselves, the spectacle of thy " happiness shall add to the benefit of im- " mortality. I shall watch over thee—over " thy daughter—over thy second husband: " my shadow will not quit you; it will con- " tinually hover round Juliet, and open the " gates of eternity to receive her."

Whilst I was writing those words, my fortitude forsook me, I swallowed the very dregs out of the cup of sorrow. I committed my letter to the charge of a young lady, who had very kindly offered me some consolation.

She looked very composed and serene, at which I could not refrain manifesting some surprise:—“My lover,” said she, “was as “beautiful a man as you are; he died yes-“terday; I have received my act of ac-“cusation to-day; I shall join him to-“morrow.”

The next morning at ten o'clock, that interesting fair was carried away in a cart, with fifteen more deplorable victims. She discovered me at a distance, and beckoned a last adieu; her gentle eyes were turned up to Heaven, and a smile graced her lips.

One of the prisoners came to apprize me, “that a woman, in all the radiance of beau-“ty, was sitting with an infant girl at the “foot of a tree; that she seemed over-“whelmed with grief, with her eyes con-“stantly fixed upon the walls of our prison.” “She must be Juliet,” answered I, running to the top of the leads. And in fact it was she. She knew me, and lifted up her arms to me, while my little Cecilia fell on her knees to invoke Heaven. The prayers

of innocence, however, were not listened to, we were deemed to undergo still more severe trials. Some unfortunate women, who spent whole days under those walls of proscription, in order to behold the object of their tenderness one moment longer, and thought themselves relieved by breathing the same air, surrounded Juliet, and caressed her child. I could not return them my thanks; I only blessed them.

A soldier upon duty, no less barbarous than his masters, discovered the sad group, and dispersed them. To sympathize in the miseries of their fellow creatures, was even prohibited at that time. Juliet, as she retired, would turn her head at every step; she stopped at every step, then embraced her daughter, looked at me, and seemed to say; —"To thee my embraces are directed."—She pulled out her handkerchief, lifted it to her eyes, and went away.

Two hours after, Juliet contrived to convey a letter inside of a loaf:—"A heart like "mine is never to be given but once. It "may be capable of suffering a great deal,

" but not of surviving the object of its tenderest affections. Madame de Cervière has set a good example before me. We shall all join again. I bequeath my daughter to Abell."

I concluded from the note that Juliet was hopeless; my head sunk on my breast, and I spent several hours in sorrowful dejection. I continued the whole day on the leads, but Juliet did not appear; there I returned again the day following as soon as our doors were open: I saw her pass by, stop a single moment and proceed; she walked very fast, and I surmised she was active in procuring my deliverance.

A second letter reached me in the evening. "I have been running about ever since this morning: not one single feeling heart have I met with: they are all as hard as steel. I am now going to *Brutus* himself. I shall humble myself, and weep in his presence. He will pity me, since he loves me." — "Unfortunate wretch! whither art thou going? I would have died

"in peace; thou art going to embitter my "last moments."—I spent a most cruel night. I had derived some consolation from thinking that Abell would replace me, but could not bear the idea of seeing Júliet become a prey to the lubricity of a monster! I awoke twenty times from my sleep, sometimes was as cold as stone, sometimes in a burning perspiration.

I received a third note in the morning:—"I may redeem thy life, but such a price is "asked for .... I cannot take the resolution, "and if I consent not thou diest!".... "Yes, I shall die!" exclaimed I; "I wish "to die previous to the crime being con-"summated; I will not suffer the traitor to "reap the benefit of his villainy. When I "am no more, then you may resist, my "Juliet!" and I ran up to the leads with a view of taking the ruinous leap. A young man of about sixteen or seventeen had attached himself to me, and very seldom was out of my company; he followed me close and laid hold of my arm.—"Let me alone," said I; "you are troublesome."—"What

" stern language do you use!" replied he, " pray tell me what is your business here on " the leads?"—" Let me alone.... let me " alone."—" You wish to die, and yet we " may effect our escape."—" Effect our " escape! When?"—" Within an hour."— " Ah! speak then, do... I shall be indebted " to you for more than my life!"—" I am " sure of succeeding; I only wanted a reso- " lute man to assist me, I have met with you, " follow me, and I will explain the whole " business."—I followed him into his apartment.

We had not been there long before the turnkeys came and seized us. There were at that time amongst the prisoners several spies to what was termed Government; one of those wretches had overheard us and was gone to inform against us. They took away my buckles, garters, stock and handkerchief, and confined me in a dark room, the very windows being stopped. I laid myself down on the pavement, which I repeatedly beat my head against; I felt the dreadful courage of putting thus an end to my existence. The

turnkeys soon re-entered my dungeon, threw mattresses under me and bound my arms and legs to the iron rings that were fixed in the wall; I made prodigious but vain efforts to get loose!—In vain also did I try to swallow my tongue; I never could: I called aloud for death; the vault alone answered my supplications. Towards the evening they returned, handcuffed me, and conducted me into the yard; there was a coach in waiting; I abused and defied the gendarmes—I even threatened and effectually beat them with my shackles. I expected they would run me through the body, but they were satisfied with tying my elbows, and they carried me into the coach.

As I went out of the outward gate I perceived Juliet; she was standing by a wall—her features were discomposed, her vestments in great disorder; she did not weep—she was suffocated—she discovered me—" So then I " have no other resource left," exclaimed she, " and I must submit."—The coach drove off and they set me down at the Conciergerie, where I was thrown into a deep cell; could

you believe that when I entered it I experienced a joyful sentiment ?—" She has resist-
" ed," said I, " since I am going to take my
" trial. I shall die to-morrow, and the abo-
" minable Brutus shall not degrade the no-
" blest work of nature."—I was very quiet during the whole night; I could hear the clock strike and counted the hours; I was like a weary traveller who discovers the end of a long and painful journey.

They opened the door of my dungeon at eight o'clock precisely, pushed a woman in, and bolted the door instantly. She fell by me—it was Juliet!—Oh! when I discovered that she was not to survive me, the horrors of death appeared still more tremendous!—I spoke to her, but she only answered me inarticulately:—she laboured under secret pain—I thought that my usual caresses, formerly so powerful would revive her, but she precipitately rejected them:—" I am unworthy of
" thee," cried she, " guilt has sullied and
" stained me!"—I dropt down, quite annihilated, nor could I utter a single word; I already carried death within my breast. Ju-

liet sat sobbing in a remote corner of the dungeon, but I was deaf to her sorrows, and wholly taken up with my own: she crept on her knees to join me and beg my pardon.— "My virtue," said she, "was dearer to me "than my life, but thou art dearer to me "even than my virtue; the monster had "taken his oath that he would spare your "life.... I prostituted myself.... Oh! my "God!... the traitor... I received him in "my arms... he inspired me with horror "only, and he thought he enjoyed me!"— "Who then has sent you here?"—"He, "himself!... Oh!.... Oh! —Go, (said "he to me) I restore thee to thy husband; "tell him that you are just come out of that "man's bed whom you have so long despis- "ed. Go, you shall die in company toge- "ther; may your infamy add new tortures "to your execution."

A long and gloomy silence succeeded the sorrowful narration; at last I collected all my fortitude and recurred to my reason: "Shall I suffer her to die without consola- "tion?" said I to myself; "Was it not to

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tion, to write to him immediately after our execution, and to take care of the children till such time as she had received his answer. The poor children were unwilling to leave us, the keeper's wife was forced to tear them away from the dismal scene!

The executioners entered the place . . . our hair was cut off . . . our hands bound . . . Ah! ....The carts were filled with those that were nearest at hand; they were taken without any choice, like lambs in a fold; Juliet and I had not quitted our station, we were still at the farther end of the room—our hands could no longer meet, but our lips did, and we waited for our turn.—" The carts are full," said the executioner to the jailor, " take those four " back, they shall come to-morrow with the " rest."—" Send for one cart more," said I to the executioner, " in the name of God " do not leave us four-and-twenty hours in " this insufferable situation."—" What, do " you think people will be incommoded for " your sake?" replied a man with a red cap; " Come, go . . . march."—We re-entered the

prison, and heard the cart in which our comrades were driving to the place of execution.

Towards six o'clock I was saying to Juliet, "they are happy now, their sufferings are at "an end, and we . . . ." On a sudden a confused mingling of voices, the galloping of horses, the noise of canon rattling along, roused us from our lethargy. We listened without being able to discern what might occasion the noise, and yet the tumult increased; the general was beat, the alarm bell was rung:—"Are we to have another second of September?" said Juliet, hiding her head in my breast;—"Oh! it would be horrid to suffer "such a death! . . . . To see them murder "thee before my eyes!"—The door of our room was open, Juliet threw herself into my arms; I locked her close; we both shut our eyes, and waited for the fatal blow.—"Fear "not," said a woman to me, "perhaps you "are saved."—I turned and saw the jailor's wife; "Robespierre," continued she, "the "council and of the commune, the members of "the tribunal, are outlawed. They think

"of

" of making a defence, but perhaps they may " be overpowered, and the innocent blood " will cease to stream."—" Run," interrupted I, " run for further intelligence; comfort " us; restore us to life!"

How apt is the most dejected heart to be opened to sudden hope! with what rapidity it receives the slightest glimpse of happiness! and how easily it rejects those comforting ideas that have soothed its sorrows! Sometimes we imagined that our fetters were broken off, that the doors of our prison were open, that we were restored to ourselves; sometimes that Robespierre was triumphant, that his satellites had recovered their authority, and were coming to punish us for having presumed to hope! Juliet and I kept close to each other, motionless and attentive; we judged from the beating of our hearts of the different sensations that agitated them alternately . . . . The jailor's wife returned . . . . " Well!" cried I.—" The whole town is arming against " them," said she, " the artillery desert them and " protect the Convention. Some are march-

" ing to attack the Commune."—" Oh! if I
" was at liberty how I would rush at the head
' of the sections! What outrages I have to
' avenge! That Brutus! . . . how I thirst for
" his blood!—I would spill it to the very last
" drop; I would tear him to pieces . . . drag
" him through the kennel."—" Every thing
" portends that you are going to be avenged,"
replied the woman; " come along with me,
" I will take upon myself to procure you
" better accommodation."—She effectually
conducted us to a neat little room, where she
introduced the children. We had given up all
hopes of ever seeing them again, neither did
they expect to see us any more; we resumed
a second existence, and abandoned ourselves
to the power of nature.

From our present apartment we could look into a yard, which was surrounded with grated windows, where all the prisoners stood discoursing on the unexpected event, which might be pregnant of a happy revolution for us all. All were animated with the same interest, and unanimously wished for the same object. The day began to dawn and the

result was as yet uncertain; a general cry was heard:—" Here they are! here they are! the " savage monsters! they are going to yield " the blood with which they have been " glutted."

Robespierre, his chief accomplices, the general council of the Commune traversed the yard; I examined every one of them . . . till at last I discovered Brutus—his whole frame spoke his fright, but he appeared beyond the reach of remorse. The grates of my window prevented me from striking him; I was preparing to load him with imprecations, Juliet hindered me:—" He is going to die," said she, " can you have more? Let him alone; " do not degrade yourself."—Some of the prisoners, who were not of a like delicate disposition with Juliet, loaded them with insults. What a sight! sixty wretches who were going to perish that very day, passed so suddenly from death to life, and saw the murdering sword strike their intended executioners!—The most exquisite cheerfulness enlivened all their hearts: some cried aloud,

others sung; Juliet and I manifested our joy by our tenderest caresses!—This is another affection of the soul that cannot be described, which even is beyond conception, except for those who have experienced it!

The tyrants were driven to the place of execution at about five o'clock. We overheard from our prison all the invectives that were vomited against them. Either sons, fathers, husbands, daughters, friends, or lovers, all of them with tears in their eyes, claimed what they were deprived of; their ulcerated hearts relished at length the cruel pleasure of vengeance.

Two days after, an order was sent to restore to their respective houses of arrest, those who had been brought to the Conciergerie upon revolutionary charges. The jailor's wife very punctually returned all our money, and received our most sincere benedictions. We took the children with us, returned to the Luxembourg, and our keepers were kind enough to permit them to stay. My former companions were struck with amazement at seeing me: they thought I had been executed

on the preceding day. They all manifested their happiness for my preservation, as the event which had occasioned it seemed to ensure their own existence. I introduced Juliet to them: they all loved her at first sight; they all esteemed her from the manner in which she addressed them. The young man I mentioned above was one of the first who embraced me, saying: " I received the act " of my accusation yesterday; to-day I laugh " at it. It is useless now to attempt making " our escape. I hope that we shall soon be " restored to society."—In fact, the prisons were soon cleared. I presented several petitions to the committees of government, which were not answered, although eight, ten, even twenty prisoners, were daily discharged. I wrote to Abell; but without mentioning any thing about Juliet's sad catastrophe, only desired he would solicit the Swiss Resident to act in our behalf. A fortnight after, a Secretary of the Helvetic Legation brought us our discharge. We instantly went, with our three children, to return our best thanks to the Resident; and hired lodgings at an hotel.

Juliet seemed very much altered. They who are possessed of the most undaunted soul, are yet attached to life; and for some days she was totally insensible to any other emotion but that of having saved her life. She had made serious reflections upon her conduct, and the remembrance of Brutus pursued her without ceasing. I redoubled my attentions and respect. If I could not succeed in expunging the monster from her memory, at least I convinced her by the means which my sincere affection suggested, and all the arguments which reason supplied me with, that, far from thinking herself guilty, she ought to entertain that high opinion of herself which is the offspring of virtue, carried to the most sublime degree humanity can attain. When she was made certain that my respect for her was not abated, her melancholy recollections dispersed, she conquered her sadness, and appeared again the most beautiful and amiable of her sex.

Abell wrote to us repeatedly. He requested, he commanded us, in the name of friendship, to come and join him. I was partial to my country, which I thought was going to rise

from its ashes; I expected that a mild and wise government would speedily succeed to the horrors of anarchy; I wished to be indebted to no one for my means of existence: I found it hard to be burdensome to my friend. But Juliet apprehended fresh disturbances; she begged of me, and her slightest desires I ever considered as the most urgent orders.

I returned ro my section; related in what manner I had lost my papers, and they very fortunately recollected the circumstance. I asked for a second passport, which was granted, after starting some few trifling objections, which I readily removed: I had it examined and ratified the same day; and at last we departed.

We arrived safe at Basle. Abell came to meet us, and welcomed us with as much heart-felt satisfaction as if his own life had been at stake. He insisted upon our taking our abode at his house, nay, anticipated our requesting so high a favour.

His son was nearly about the same age with our Cecilia. The two children loved each

other at first sight. The friendship which Cecilia manifested for Cervière's sons was evidently different from the partiality with which young Abell inspired her. The father of the latter smiled content at the marks of attachment which our children exchanged with each other, and applauded the inward unknown sentiment that reciprocally attracted them.—"Thus," would Juliet say to me, "did our "attachment commence. Grant heaven their "affection may be equal to ours; but at-"tended with more constant felicity."

Juliet and I agreed not to abuse any longer Abell's kindness. I begged he would consider that a state of inactivity was inconsistent with my temper, age, and present circumstances. "Supply me with the means of "being industrious," said I to him; "by so "doing, you will enforce, if possible, my "friendship and gratitude towards you."

Ten times before I had already made a similar intreaty. —"Since you are so positive "and earnest in your request," replied he, "you must be satisfied. I have weighed the "matter: there are two different lines which

"may be equally profitable. The shortest, "but the least advantageous, is to get em-"ployed in the capacity of secretary of lega-"tion; and I can undertake to procure a "commission of the kind for you; but, as "you are not born an Englishman, you will "never be promoted, and must continue a "secretary for ever! The other plan I would "wish to recommend is, your going to Lon-"don, and there to learn commerce. I will "lend you some funds, and I do not doubt "but you, being possessed of intelligence "and activity, may do very well. Take your "choice."—My Juliet and I preferred adopting the latter plan; devoted some few days more to our friend, and then thought of parting. It was agreed upon, that we should first go to Hamburgh, from whence we were to take shipping for London.

The day before our departure, Abell entered our apartment; he presented us with several letters of recommendation, and bills payable to the bearer for very large sums, upon different banking-houses in London. The latter I peremptorily refused. I was fright-

ened at the great amount.—" I shall soon set " you to rights," said Abell, " and you will " own that you become no debtor of mine." He then drew a contract from his pocket, and desired Juliet to read it. The purport was a donation of twenty thousand pounds sterling to his son, which we engaged to return upon the day of his marrying Cecilia, and which, till that period, was to be deposited in our hands, free from any interest whatever. What a mode of offering a gift! We were moved to such a degree as rendered us incapable of uttering our sense of the obligation. Abell knew how give a proper construction to our silence.

We arrived at Hamburgh, had a short and agreeable passage to London; it seemed fortune was tired with persecuting us. Abell's correspondents behaved in every respect agreeable to his intentions. They shewed us all manner of civility. One of them, a rich merchant in Cheapside, offered to instruct me in the first elements of commerce. I readily accepted of the kind offer; attended his instructions with so much accuracy, and pro-

fited so well by them, that, in the course of a few months, I was qualified to begin business.

Upon our arrival in London we had visited Juliet's relations: her former apprehensions proved but too well founded. They were rich, they bore a title; they blamed Juliet for having married a plebeian: it made me sensible I had not the good fortune to please them. They might as well have said to Juliet: "Don't call upon us again:" she accordingly renounced any further connection, and desired me to give *them* up to their proud empty chimeras. Juliet could not brook my being mortified; but I could endure any thing for the sake of Juliet. I was determined to exert my utmost endeavours in order to reconcile her friends, and secretly visited them; and I was not disheartened, notwithstanding repeated rebukes. Lady Fenton, a cousin-german to the late Lord Tillmouth, was immensely rich, and Juliet was her only heiress. I often paid my respects to my Lady, though I always met with a cold reception. However, when she heard

that I improved my business, and that I was honourably mentioned upon 'Change, she used me better, consented to talk familiarly with me, and seemed pleased with the small share of wit I occasionally displayed. In a short time, I acquired amongst the London merchants a character, which at last induced my Lady to grant me her esteem. She called me her cousin, and enquired after my wife. "She is very unhappy," replied I, "for "having incurred your Ladyship's displea-"sure; and would be very eager to pay her "dutiful respect, if she could presume to rely "upon your indulgence."—"She will be "welcome," said she; "I have been consci-"ous, some time since, it is difficult to see "you without loving you: your uncommon "good behaviour satisfactorily justifies the "choice of my cousin."

My Lady gave a grand dinner, where all our relations were invited. Juliet appeared adorned with all those charms, and sentimental countenance, which are seldom met with in any other place than London, and were embellished, if possible, by those graces

which Paris alone can supply. The reconciliation was sincere; and Juliet's relations were soon convinced how much she was deserving of their esteem. She was idolized by them all, and I shared in the interest with which she inspired them. Some of my female cousins even appeared to find me much to their liking: but experience had taught me wisdom; I continued faithful to Juliet, from reason, principle, and affection.

My fortune improved beyond my expectations. The young Cervières, whom I had brought up to business, had inherited the amiableness and good sense of their unfortunate father. They answered my best wishes, applied themselves to business, and laboured to ensure their own happiness; which was all I required from them. Abell returned from his Embassy, and settled in London. Lady Fenton died, and Juliet inherited her whole fortune. I rewarded the two Cervières, by resigning my business to them. I married my Cecilia to Abell's son: she was as beautiful as her mother; she was possessed of a like heart and soul; I bestowed a large por-